

Punch

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Life's simple pleasures

How very pleasant it is to be pampered! There you lie, surrounded by all the comforts which the house affords, your lightest wish obeyed, your every taste indulged. And, oddly enough, your ministering angel is also enjoying the proceedings. Did he not, with his own hands, prepare, cook and serve the dainties which you have just enjoyed? Who but he emptied the ashes, swept the stairs, washed the dishes – and will, in due course, bring in the tea? Who, indeed! He goes about the house wearing an almost visible halo. And this is something which we at the Midland Bank can well understand for, in our own way, we also take pleasure in helping other people. We help farmers to improve their farms and business men to find new markets. We help shopkeepers to have better shops and private customers towards a better management of their finances. Yet you will find no halos at the Midland Bank; and this may be because we do not call our activities ‘pampering’. We just call them – service.





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The London Charivari

CHANCELLORSHIPS of Universities these days tend to be honorific, a matter of awarding Honorary Degrees and signing appeals for funds. Most of the Chancellors seem to be, at the very least, aristocratic, though Leicester has struck a blow for the true values of a University by choosing a great physiologist. (The only recent Oxford Chancellor who was more than a fainéant was Curzon, who moved into residence and wrote a book on methods of improving his Alma Mater.) This week Oxford is choosing between a politician and a banker, both outstanding men but, one would have thought, more suitable for being elected to the Athenæum under Rule II than for representing Learning before the world. This seems a little sad at a time when the Presidents of both the Royal Society and the British Academy are Oxford dons.

More Brightness ?

NO one seems certain whether TV in the classroom is doing better work than the old-fashioned chalk and talk, but there's a proposal in America's



mid-west to televise educational programmes from aircraft flying overhead, and if none of the kids withdraw their eyes from the screen to look out of the window at the aeroplane, TV may be supposed to have scored a useful point.

Not Ours

THREE Court of Appeal judges had a tricky task lately over the legal ownership of wedding presents whose



recipients had parted company. Newlyweds could avoid this sort of trouble by having simply everything marked as clearly as their bathroom towels.

Rock-a-Bye Session

DENMARK boasts one of the world's most complete services of telephonic information. A lazy Danish mother can now dial 0024 for an official lullaby, put the receiver in her baby's cradle, and carry on with any other chores that she can't get the Post Office to do for her. But what happens, I wonder, if she gets the wrong number without noticing it? Exposure in infancy to prolonged monologues on menu-building and the latest market-prices (among Denmark's other phone guides) may produce a disconcerting generation of gourmets and stockbrokers. At least they are bound to be good listeners.

Cheek to Cheek

MR. JOHN FREEMAN, the Smiler with the Knife who cross-examines with such deadly courtesy on TV, is sometimes devastating, as in the



"240, 239, 238, 237, 236, 235, 234, 233—that's how our count-down will go—232, 231, 230, 229, 228, 227, 226..."

Foulkes interview. Sometimes he overdoes it and causes an uprush of sympathy for the victim, as in the Hancock programme. Sometimes, as when asking Henry Moore whether he regarded his mother as a protection against his father instead of asking him what he thought of Epstein or why he used to use coloured cords in his sculpture, he wastes time probing for weakness. He is running out of victims of his own weight and so are the other B.B.C. scalpel-tongued interviewers. No mere Foreign Secretary flustered after a bumpy flight or world-famous physicist worried by arc-lights can compete with these terrifying irritations. The time has come for the B.B.C. to take them off the rabbits and match them against one another in a knock-out tournament, *Kee v. Freeman*, *Hart v. Day*, *Whicker v. Francis Williams*—the winner to challenge ITV.

Cricket, Anybody?

A SUMMER or two ago most of our cricket writers were moaning about rough wickets, the ascendancy of ball over bat and the decline of the noble arts of fast bowling and cover-driving. Now they are complaining again about the over-prepared wickets of the Caribbean and the resultant bumping and beaming tactics adopted by fast bowlers. And all because, I suppose, our modern batsmen, against first-class spin or really fast bowling, cannot help themselves to the old bounty of easy hundreds. If the dilemma is acute why not revert to round-arm bowling, and then if necessary to lobs? And after that it might be time to hand Lord's over to the ladies.

Any Beer Cans, Mister?

YOU can make a table lamp out of a Benedictine bottle, but what can you do with an empty beer can except toss it away in a beauty spot? Alive, no doubt, to this difficulty a brewer is to sell lager in cans bearing full-colour pictures of historic Scots scenes. At worst this will result in a markedly higher standard of litter, but with luck it will set collectors off on a new craze. At this moment, perhaps, the house beautiful magazines are working out ways of building *chic* room-dividers out of beer cans. Now what can be done to make people collect ice cream wrappers?

Three-D Musketeers

THERE are not enough playwrights of the Western world. So avid is the demand for these films that supply is running short and pictures that have made the grade in totally different settings are being reconditioned, fitted out with gun and sombrero, and cleansed for reissue, as we used to say in the Army. The latest conversion is *Seven Samurai*, a famous Japanese costume drama, now to be re-shot in Mexico as *The Magnificent Seven*. Coming shortly: *Lone Red Wolf*, featuring *Dracula* in a Texas blood-bank robbery; *Canon Law*, with Trollope's New Barchester baddies fight'n' and feud'n'; and *Ratodeal Romeo*, with Monty and Cap gangs biting their thumbs at each other before they bite the dust on Starcrossed Trail. In the



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The eleventh in the series of drawings in colour by Hewison, "As They Might Have Been," is on page 339. The subject is
ALFRED KRUPP

Forsythe serial Grampaw Soames sings "I would not exchange my home on the range."

Wider Still and Wider

I SUPPOSE it's nice to know that there will be a British satellite in orbit around the earth by the mid-'sixties, but I would like to think that it will have some specifically British function to perform. It's no good just going up there and duplicating all the information sent back by Russian and American satellites 'way back in the 'fifties. Meteorological observation being one of the things satellites are best at, I suggest ours should be adapted to provide a really British commentary on the weather, with a code of beeps that says "Nice drop of rain coming, I shouldn't wonder" and "In for a dry summer, I reckon, with all they flying saucers out so early."

Work is Old-fashioned

AFTER agonizing reappraisals of its "losing battle against twentieth-century class consciousness," the Workers' Travel Association is going into business under the aristocratic name of Galleon Holidays. For similar reasons, sparked off by the "dreadful snobbishness" of to-day, some people still want to change the name of the Labour Party. But in California, according to Ian Fleming, gangsters prefer to describe themselves as Labour Organizers, a term which has a cachet of respectability. And it's accurate, too.

One Clear Call for Me

GIVE me instantaneous nuclear destruction rather than some new defences of the West described by an American who was recently in charge of their development as "worse than the H-bomb." He mentions that they are building up gases which can cripple millions with a new disease or drive them mad in a minute. This master-stroke of science doesn't seem to leave much to the H-bomb except to supply the ultimate euthanasia.

— MR. PUNCH



"Made any good converts lately?"

THE TEENAGE JUNGLE



Concern about the teenage problem tends to lead to a demand for more and better youth clubs and intensified activity on comparable lines. But the teenagers who make the problems are not on the whole the kind of people who take to this kind of thing. In this series four teenage writers have been invited to write candidly about their attitudes to some of the important factors in their lives. The author of this first article is eighteen, currently unemployed.

1. Teenager at Work

by ROY KERRIDGE

TEENAGERS, on the whole, hate being organized—there are still some of them around who go to youth clubs or even join the Boy Scouts, but there are a lot more that don't. When I have a look round at the ones who don't I sometimes think that the words "teenager" and "work" are a contradiction in terms. I haven't done all that much of it myself, but that gives me a nice detached approach to the subject. Such work as I have done has confirmed me in the view that seems to be pretty common among my friends, that it's a mug's game; as mugs are well known to be born every minute, let's do a coffee-bar crawl and find out what the ones who *do* work have to say. I don't expect any one of them actually to admit that he *likes* work, but with discs and hair-dos the price they are, and with families holding out their hands every time they come in at the door, they see no alternative.

A scruffy, somewhat aggressively-inclined individual, aged sixteen, tells me: "First job I ever had, in a garage, I stuck for only three months. Servicing cars, I was, but the pay was lousy, so I quit. Did electric plating for a bit, but didn't like it. Soon got the boot. Working in a sack factory now, loading sacks on to lorries. Can't say I'm mad on it, but it's all right. Get three pounds fifteen a week. Might be worse. Mind you, the gov'nor's a ——" (usual adjective, fairly common noun).

A slightly more brainy type who once went so far as to think of himself in a skilled job tells this story: "When I left school I spent a month window-cleaning; got browned off of that, got a job delivering tar blocks, but the work was too heavy for me, so next I worked three months rigging up telly aerials. Then my old man starts going on at me to get into something with a future, so I took up gents' hairdressing. After a bit I got into art school, studying ladies' hairdressing.

That's where I learnt about girls—there was fifty girls in the class and only two boys. Did delivery work in my spare time to keep from being hard up. Then I spent two days ladies' hairdressing, before they fired me. Why? Well, there was some girls on the staff, sort of. So I got into another ladies' hairdresser and got fired after two and a half days. Same thing, they didn't like my approach. So I went down the Youth Employment, where they give me three cards, and I got the first job I went to. Apprentice at a gents' outfitters, it was; been there a year this Friday. Get three pound ten a week—one pound ten for Mum, one pound pocket money, ten bob for clothes and ten bob to clear off debts.

"All I've learnt so far is that I can get clothes a third cheaper there, and that money's lost easy out of the till. Otherwise I'm no wiser than I came—still have to do all the dirty work. Thing is, I can't take pride in my work like when I did gents' hairdressing. I might have done all right at ladies' hairdressing, but they didn't like me, so there it was."

I seem to be giving the impression that all teenagers are work-hating layabouts, but that wouldn't be right. Apart from clerk types there are some who'll sweat blood to get ahead in the world, like a friend of mine who works all day on the building sites and then, after work, instead of relaxing in a coffee-bar letting the rock take him out of the monotony of his life, he studies hard at commercial art. His idea is to emigrate to Canada—don't ask me why. Another acquaintance of mine, who in the evenings dresses and acts as if he's almost inviting the birch to be restored, left school at fifteen and for a year did an odd variety of jobs from farm labourer to pillar-box painter. Then he somehow got into art school and is doing so well that he even goes to the length of passing exams.

The real tragedy is that teenagers of average education standard, that is to say within waving distance of zero in a lot of cases, find it hard to get work that interests them, or could possibly interest anybody, come to that. During my last venture into the labour market, two weeks as an unskilled wire-weaver, I met boys who'd been working from eight-thirty to five-thirty, half an hour off for lunch, two pounds fifteen a week, in the most Dickensian conditions, ever since they left school. Whether the job dimmed their wits, or whether they were dimwits in the first place to take such a

job, I don't know. I asked a boy of sixteen, completely illiterate, why he didn't leave, and he said "Why should I? Bloody good job this. You get three days off at Christmas and almost two weeks in the summer." You can't wonder that anyone capable of thinking goes for a quiet time on the dole after a bit of experience in that sort of place.

Almost any teenager will tell you, me included, that it's the mugs who work for other people, and all smart characters should work for themselves. Unfortunately it doesn't often work out like that in practice; even the ones involved in very private enterprises of various sorts are working for mobs or organizations. But you get a few. I know a boy of eighteen whose passion was zoology, and who bred poisonous snakes for profit, selling them to dealers. This would seem to be an ideal existence as long as the sex urge continues in the snake world; but unfortunately it didn't pay, and he's now a bouncer at the local ice-rink.

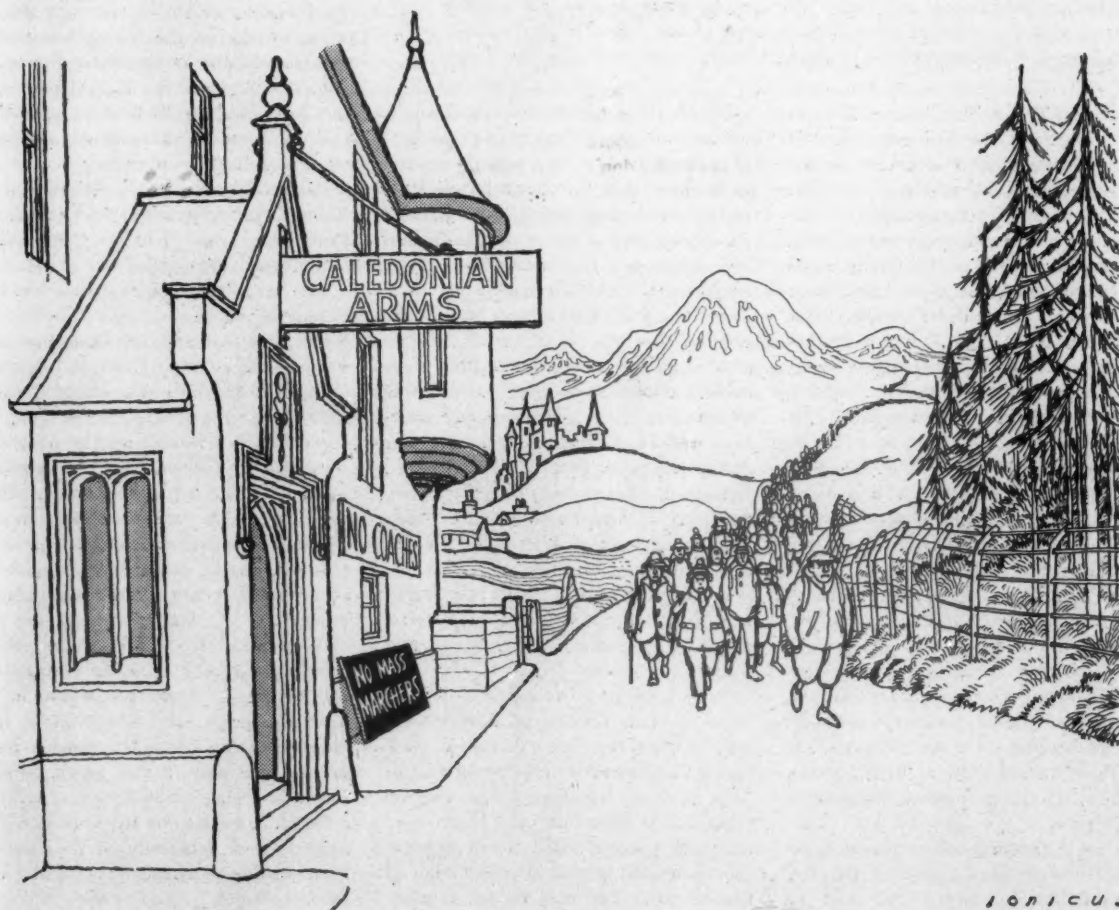
It occurs to me that I don't seem to have quoted any girls on this question of work. Girls in this world don't go in for jobs as careers, only as a base from which to hook some unfortunate male into marriage. When the teenage thing first broke out, one of the joys of being a teenager was that you could date the same female for ages, without thoughts of marriage occurring to either side. Nowadays, with girls

going on regular dates from twelve onwards and knowing just about everything by sixteen, no man is safe. So much for girls.

So I'll give the last word to a boy of eighteen, who's cheerfully lacking in any ethics or morals whatsoever.

"When I left school I got a job as a cinema projectionist. Got kicked out of that, as I beat up the chief projectionist. Been on and off the dole since, working for race-track boys and so on. Spent six months at reform school—tough, that." (But this isn't everybody's opinion. One boy I know described his school as "Lush, like a holiday camp.") "Then I got a job at a night-club, collecting the girls' takings for the bosses. When that got too hot I left, and now I'm in the dole queue again." When I told him I was writing an article about work he took a quick look to make sure I was getting it all down and made the following statement: "Psychologically, work is a good thing, as you must have something to occupy your mind. Unemployment is very bad in this town, so young people are inclined to seek employment elsewhere, where wages are higher. Bosses are inclined to be too harsh here, and I'd like to shoot the whole bloody lot of them."

Next week: Royston Ellis, 19, poet, on "Teenagers at Play"





"Our Last Territorial Claim in Europe"

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"Land communications between Spain and Germany are not particularly good, however, and the value of such bases in time of war would be questionable, unless Herr Strauss is contemplating a German redoubt in some sierra."—The Times

"*C'EST VRAI*," said Henri Delacroix of Poitiers, when I invited him to comment on the quotation. "It has always been so." The classical lines of communication between Germany and Spain run through the Low Countries, swinging left across the Marne and Seine, down the Rhône corridor and across the Pyrenees. But the terrain is not good. The Ardennes can be very bitter in winter, and there is always the flooding of the lower Rhône to be considered. "For myself," M. Delacroix went on, "I am at a loss to understand this move by President Adenauer's government. The best routes between Germany and Spain are unquestionably those by air. There is a good service from Bonn, Frankfurt and Munich, out across the Mediterranean to Guernica, Barcelona and Madrid. I am not sure how General de Gaulle would fancy the idea of having Germans or German supplies on his southern flank or the Franco-Franco frontier, especially with all this fuss going on in Algeria, but naturally we are grateful to the many excellent German freedom fighters in the Legion."

When I put the same questions to Professor Schwitzen-Galbe of Bremen he said that he hoped the plan to

establish supply bases in Spain would not be construed as a deliberate attempt to encircle the U.S. It was quite untrue to suppose that the Germans contemplated another agreement with Russia. "I can see that some people in Britain and America," he continued, "might regard the move as hostile to their interests, but the bases would be pointed towards Continental Europe and would in no circumstances have sufficient traverse to worry London or Washington." As for the land communications between Germany and Spain, Professor Schwitzen-Galbe did not think that a corridor would be necessary. "We are on the best of terms with the France of Charles de Gaulle, and I am quite sure that he will be the first to understand the Fatherland's legitimate aspirations. No. No corridor will be needed in the foreseeable future."

Señor Alvarez de Tarragona de Soto de Los Causes of Madrid explained that the Nato countries were taking the proposals much too seriously. "We have no intention of allowing the Germans to dictate to us. True, there are a few Germans still in my country: they remained behind after the affair of the 'thirties. But they do not number

more than a few hundreds, and constitute no problem. You must remember that already we have the Americans here."

William Toffeman of Aldermaston said: "Ask me, it would be a good thing if we all, all countries, had bases in each other's territory. The Yanks are here in Britain, and I'd feel safer if the Ivans were here too. I think every Embassy and Consulate in every country should be enlarged to include supply bases and rocket pads. I've thought it all out very carefully and I'm convinced that this is the only way to avoid jealousy and friction. In fact I'd go further. I'd like to see America governed—by Americans, of course—from Moscow, and Russia from Washington. It's a simple enough matter now that communications are so good. I've got a shrewd notion that the chances of war would be greatly reduced if Mr. K. and the Russian top brass were domiciled permanently in Washington, and vice versa. Every move to mix up the supply bases and so on is a move in the right direction. My guess is that if the U.N. insisted on this kind of thing there'd be complete and permanent disarmament within weeks. I shall be marching at Easter, and intend to speak on the subject at Rexton, Pulborough, Shackley Junction, Peabody Paron, King's Cross and Wilmington."

My last interview was with a Mr. M. Bormann, of 21 Via Juanita, Buenos Aires. "I'm chiefly interested in the second half of the *Times* statement," he said. "The idea of a redoubt in the sierras has much, it seems to me, to commend it. So far all the Western countries have decided on measures to put key personnel underground. But what use are they down there? They'd be smoked out like rats. A mountain redoubt, on the other hand, would be an island of security in a wilderness of radioactivity. And it would be to such an island, stocked with food, small arms, books and record-players, that the survivors would crawl for help. This would put the occupants of the redoubt in the strongest possible bargaining position: the whole world would be theirs—and all without raising a finger. Yes, I think the Germans are right to seek a redoubt in the sierras. I am booking a seat on the aeroplane for Spain to-night."

Night-time Binoculars . . . Funeral Escort Service

By E. S. TURNER

Private Detectives want a Charter of their own

IN what circumstances is it legitimate to look through keyholes?

With luck, we shall get a line on this question soon. The Association of British Detectives is to lay before the Privy Council the draft of a charter which would give its members some sort of professional status. This Association has a code of conduct, and the Privy Council, one imagines, will wish to study it closely to see what it says about shadowing, keyholing, microphoning and ringing up hotels to ask for Mr. Crispwell in the hope of locating Mr. Crispwad.

It may take the smug look off the faces of some of us if we remember that nowadays, as taxpayers, we all put money into the pockets of private detectives working on legal-aid divorces.

The demand for a detectives' charter is no new whim. In 1933, for example, a similar approach was made and the reason given was the same as that advanced to-day; namely, that there is nothing to stop any rogue setting up as a private detective and doing his shadowing with his feet on the desk.

Ordinarily, private detectives do not seek publicity, either as associations, federations or individuals; but from time to time they achieve it when they earn the displeasure of the Bench or are punched on the nose by those on whose heels they tread. No other trade is so remorselessly misrepresented in fiction. It may be that some private eyes are secretly fascinated by the portrayal of themselves on television, but they can scarcely welcome the trend, in some quarters, to show them as trigger-happy satyrs with no more principles than a cut-price resurrectionist.

Private detectives prefer to be thought of as the agents of insurance companies or of industry, which to-day has an unseemly thirst for confidential knowledge. Yet it was probably no coincidence that detectives began to multiply after the 1857 Act which made divorce available to a wider circle of the rich. Names of confidential agents can be found in the London directories of a hundred years ago. Nobody thought much about them until, in the 'eighties and 'nineties, the fiction writers began flattering what was, at best, a humdrum calling for ex-policemen.

If the agents of those days did not boast codes of ethics, some of the fictional ones did. Sherlock Holmes would turn down the solicitations of the powerful and wealthy, and devote weeks of "most intense application" to the problems of the humble, always provided these problems were such as to appeal to the imagination and challenge the ingenuity. But his working code might well shock the disciplinary committee of the Association of British Detectives. He was willing to break into private premises, and even got himself engaged to a housemaid in order to pursue his inquiries.

More punctilious, in some ways, was the early Sexton Blake, who is still in business. In 1893 he disclosed his principles to readers of *The Marvel*.

"We do not interfere in disputes between man and wife, nor do we pursue defaulting clerks, but if there is wrong to be righted, an evil to be redressed, or a rescue of the weak and suffering from the powerful, our hearty assistance can be readily obtained. We do nothing for hire here; we would cheerfully undertake to perform without fee or reward. But when our clients are wealthy we are not so unjust to ourselves as to make a gratuitous offer of our services."

The real-life detective has always found it difficult to support such principles as these. He has his family to keep together, even if it means helping to split somebody else's family open; he can merely hope that he is being employed by the less guilty spouse. As for pursuing a defaulting clerk—well, why not? If a proud family wishes information about a young man who wishes to marry into it, or a rich man wants a background check on his daughter's male associates in Chelsea, then the private detective will not be so unjust to himself as to undercharge them.

In spite of the great build-up of interest in detectives, the members of the marathon Royal Commission on Divorce, which reported in 1912, hardly touched on the subject, except to inquire how detectives were paid. After the first world war, divorce became more of a mass pursuit. The hotel industry was drawn, at first reluctantly, then venially, into the great divorce mill and spouses, chambermaids, private detectives, solicitors and counsel became linked in a familiar



conspiracy of non-collusion, non-connivance and non-condonation. Often and often unfairly, angry words were voiced from the Bench about the enterprise of detectives. Legal gentlemen whose fees are derived from the calm contemplation of salacious material are too ready to disdain the methods of those who provide them with that material. A solicitor would shrink from shining a torch in a parked car; learned counsel would never use binoculars from roof-tops; but if there were no agents prepared to infringe privacy, the state of the Bar would be worse than it is.

Sir Alan Herbert's *Holy Deadlock* (1934) has a haunting picture of a private detective at his labours. In the service of the King's Proctor, Mr. Rigby, a conscientious ex-constable, follows a potentially guilty couple to Manchester on Christmas Eve. In the small hours, on bare feet, he pads down the cold

stairs of an hotel, stretches black thread across the door of No. 218, and then retires, notebook in hand, to a hard seat in the nearby "Gents," eating nut chocolate and wishing, at intervals, that he was back home stuffing oranges in the stockings of his children.

Among the Mr. Rigbys who advertised their services at this period were several who undertook to uncover not only infidelity but libel, larceny, blackmail and extortion. One firm which took space in the London Post Office Directory described itself as "*Facile princeps* for ability—*vide* Press." Another said it had "The only recognized detective offices in London—*vide* Press." An operator who called herself "London's lady detective" cited no press tributes but had solicitors' references. Detektiv Nabert, based on the Potsdamerstrasse, also advertised in the same directory. His announcement said: "Royal officer of the secret police (Res.); first-class and fairest office; all kinds of observing and discoveries; speciality, informations."

After the second world war private detectives continued to vex the sensibilities of the courts. When the Government set up another Royal Commission on Divorce, in 1951, the Federation of British Detectives sought permission to give evidence. Its spokesman said that it had been founded in 1949 as the result of severe words spoken by judges, and that it was campaigning for a system of licensing to weed out irresponsibles. The Federation had two hundred members, mostly ex-policemen and all with certain legal knowledge, but there were "probably two thousand" detectives who were not members. Regretfully, the witness agreed that there were agents who, in divorce inquiries, gave "certain advice as the result of which the respondent has been found in such circumstances as to provide the evidence required." He himself had shown to the door a surprised client who asked him to provide the "other woman."

This witness also spoke of the difficulties which might be faced by a suspicious wife trying to secure her own hotel evidence. "We have found that a lot of the hotels, for example, the Blackpool ones, will not see us unless we produce our membership card and we invariably have to write and obtain permission to go along." For the uninitiated it could be very difficult. The witness estimated that eighty per cent. of his divorce business consisted of legal-aid cases. "We have greatly reduced our charges to the Law Society Divorce Department," he said; and added that he, personally, had no objection to working for nothing on a deserving case.

Disappointingly, in this evidence nothing was said, and nothing volunteered, about the practical lengths to which responsible sleuths were willing to go to secure evidence, or what measures were taken to jog the failing memories of chambermaids. In 1955 the Home Secretary, when invited to license private detectives, said that unless there was evidence of gross abuse he was unwilling to do so. The Association of British Detectives does not care for the idea of licensing; it would lower the detective to the status of a pedlar, whereas a charter, it feels, would lift him nearer to the status of an accountant or architect.

In to-day's advertisements, private detectives offer international round-the-clock service by male or female operators. Instead of "shadowing carried out" they say "surveillance discreetly effected." They offer to make financial inquiries; to carry out bankruptcy investigations; to trace missing

Man in Apron

by *Lamy*.



persons; to keep an eye on wedding presents; to provide escorts; to uncover corruption; to locate witnesses and take proofs of evidence; to investigate anonymous letters; to probe into patent infringements; to check on characters and antecedents of individuals and reputations of firms; to examine questioned documents; to make chemical analyses of suspect articles; and to perform sound recording, photographic and other specialized services. An operator in Balham offers "secret recordings."

If some of the facilities sound a trifle alarming, a glance at American trade directories will show what is still to come. Services available include "camera and motion picture work"; "pre-marital and marital problems investigated"; "efficient raids" (i.e. on bedrooms); "undercover agents"; "armed guards service"; "lie detector service"; "fingerprinting"; "hidden assets located"; "handwriting analysed"; "missing heirs"; "auto repossessions"; "child custody cases"; "night-time binoculars"; "police dogs" and, most ominously, in Chicago, "funeral escort service."

In America it seems that quite a few private eyes are paid to counter the activities of other private eyes (even in the F.B.I., during the Communist witch-hunts, two agents spent "years" shadowing each other). Thus, one agent will search a room with a magnetic lodestone to locate microphones hidden by another. "Borrowing" of documents is not uncommon. "It does not take too much skill to make off with an important paper and return it some time later," a well-known operator has explained.



Not everyone is happy about the activities of America's 3,500 private sleuths, with their official-looking badges, pistols under their armpits, and gear ranging from "fishing lines" for casting microphones to miniature cameras for sneak-photographing hotel registers. Only in a few states is there any effective control. California has been striking off operators for bursting into hotel bedrooms and taking photographs, with or without the presence of the aggrieved spouse. It is fascinating to think that a spouse taking part in a "confrontation" may have had his or her suspicions aroused by an advertisement which said "Ring — for Peace of Mind."

Don't Keep Him Waiting! By PATRICIA RILEY

The missile warning station to be built in Yorkshire at a cost of £43 million is expected to give us four minutes' notice

BEAUTY IN A HURRY

THIS week we stress once again the need for careful planning in your beauty routine, so that you will be sure of looking your very best on The Day.

Have you decided just how you will use those four minutes or so after a warning has been sounded? Careful planning will eliminate any need for panicky rushing about, and prevent those "nervous" spots caused by tension. If these do appear, camouflage them with camomile lotion.

We suggest that you pack a small suitcase and leave it ready in the hall, next to your asbestos *après-ski* suit (yours to make from our exclusive pattern).

A fresh, natural look is most suitable for an emotional occasion such as the warning might prove to be. Use a tinted foundation for day and have one to hand at night. With practice you should learn to apply it as you go downstairs. Make sure that you have

duplicates of all your routine beauty preparations in the suitcase. To take into the fall-out room (see our House of the Month) you will need cleansing lotion, astringent lotion, nourishing cream, foundation, and some powder and lipstick. Do try to find room for a little *brown* mascara and some nail varnish in a pink shade.

As your stay in the fall-out room may be rather lengthy, make sure that you have a good supply of shampoo or soft soap available, say a five years' supply. And by the by, smart girls shampoo their hair *before* it needs it. A few colour rinses will bring sunshine to your hair at this time and keep the children familiar with what sunshine is.

The knowledge that you look your best at all times will lend wings to your feet, but again, do not leave anything to chance. Practice, and yet more practice, will enable you to reach the fall-out room from any point in the house in a few seconds (write to

the Home Editor for non-slip floor preparation). Do wear suitable shoes at all times. Stiletto heels are not really suitable for many occasions, and it is much more sensible to wear shoes which will contribute to both your casual yet *soignée* look, and to your speed.

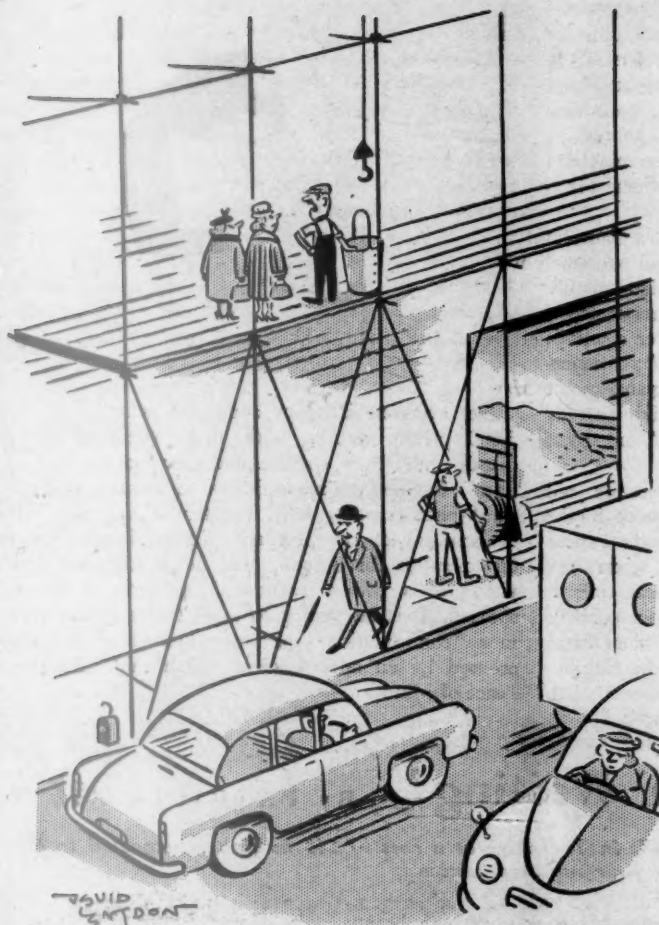
Shelagh O'Toole will tell you how to plan your cooking, etc., so that all your shopping can be done by 'phone and you need not stir from the house at all.

BEAUTY ON A SHOE-STRING

Your beauty care does not cease as soon as you are in your refuge, of course. You will probably find that to be healthy at this time is the same as to be beautiful.

In case you do not reach safety in four minutes have some sunburn preparation handy to use on what might be a rather painful tan (write to me for name of good lotion).

Have to hand also a geiger counter,



"What Marples plan for first-floor shopping?"

The Car Bar

ABOUT Mr. Marples's plan
To put the pedestrian
On a special pavement a storey above the street—
How will the businessman grab
A handily passing cab?
Will posters all over the tops of buses compete?
I do not wish to be thought of as lacking in tact,
But did anyone quite foresee
What a windfall this will be
For the refugees from the Street Offences Act?*

And that is not all. Just wait.
He used the word "Segregate."
Now, talk to a typical walker and he will say
How chilly the neighbours are
To the man who hasn't a car;
How hard it is for a walker to join the A.A.

* Many of these unfortunates now ply their trade from first-floor windows.

(All this is supposing the man is willing to talk.)
The Public Transport, he'll add,
Is crowded, dirty and bad.
The motorist just says "Some of my best friends walk."

In spite of our similar faces
We are already two races
And now Mr. Marples wants to keep us apart.
What the rest of the future will hold
Is almost too grim to be told,
With the Klu Klux Klaxon off to a thundering
start
And no one who can't touch thirty entitled to vote
And a boycott in Ghana, say,
On imports from the U.K.
And Dr. Verwoerd stuffing our words down our
throat.

— PETER DICKINSON

so that should you be thrown on your own resources you can give the family a regular check-up. See that the children follow a regular routine and that you all get all the sleep you need. There is a very useful little booklet available entitled *What to do Until the Doctor Comes*. See Nurse's column about what to do if the doctor's coming is unduly prolonged.

Remember to get all the exercise you can and ensure plenty of fresh air for the family by regular turns at the cycling machine (In Shops Next Month). Keep muscles toned and young. A healthy skin is made from within.

BEAUTY AND THE CONTENTED MIND

Your family will look to you for cheerfulness both now and later. Begin now, and continue later in the fall-out room, to prepare them for the new world. Get your husband accustomed to the idea of endless tundra by discussing plans for a new house. Perhaps you will be able to persuade him to let you have that picture window after all?

In short, plan well ahead. Do all you can to ensure the safety and well-being of your family, make sure your grooming is impeccable and then forget it. As one of the greatest of the couturiers says, *La negligence, jamais*. No one is going to admire you if you waste precious seconds in rushing round looking for forgotten articles, or if you arrive in the fall-out room with a heavy and unsuitable eye make-up.

Out of the Mouths

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

I HAVE my own problems, and those of Edgbaston mothers should probably be left alone. All the same, I feel moved to give a word of advice to one of them who wrote to the *Daily Mail* recently:

"SIR,—Hearing that we were going to spend an extra £100,000,000 in the coming year on defence, my young son, aged 12 years, pondered a moment and then said: 'It's rather like keeping up with the Joneses, isn't it, Mummy?'"

This was a good letter, short, topical, witty, and deserved its place at the head of the day's letters: the fact that one of these was from a Norfolk clergyman and began, "As a lover of sheep..." should not be taken to lessen its achievement. I particularly liked that "pondered a moment"; it conveys an exact picture of the child-mind turning its fresh young beam on the whole silly nuclear muddle and seeing its folly in a flash. The entire thing is a credit to Edgbaston. All I want to suggest, if I may, is that it should have been written by the boy, not the mother. A lad who goes to the heart of things in this way has a brilliant career ahead of him as a newspaper letter-writing prodigy; as with other prodigies, the career will of necessity be short; Fleet Street tends to drop its juvenile correspondents young, and it isn't often that you see anything much beyond "Aged 15" telling the world how to put itself to rights—at any rate in the Voice of Youth class; at the other end, of course, you can start again with "Aged 90" and above, but that hardly concerns us. The point is that this boy may well have three wonderful years ahead of him, after which, if the present exhibition of talent is anything to go by, he ought to make a decent living as ideaman to a political cartoonist.

The question is, what opportunities has he lost? Here he is, aged twelve, and his mother is still getting between him and his pencil-box. I hope for her sake that he didn't see the stinging note addressed to the Editor of the *Daily Express*, that same day:

"DEAR SIR,—Princess Anne could not be put in charge of the Pixie Sixers when the Brownie Pack met at Buckingham Palace. There is only

one Pixie Sixer in a pack. She must have been the Pixie Sixer in charge of the Pixie Six.

SALLY BUTCHER (Aged 9½),

Fairy Second,

5th Newbury Park,
East Woodhay, Berks."

He would agree, I think, that there is no comparison between the fine, direct effect of this, and the woolly, second-hand flavour which Mrs. Butcher would have given it. "Dear Sir, My young daughter, aged 9½ years, says that Princess Anne could not be put . . ." etc., etc. You will notice that there is everything to commend the Edgbaston boy when it comes to marks for large thinking, and little, really, to be said for the Fairy Second from East Woodhay; she, after all, was on her own subject and was merely correcting a point of fact. Apart from momentarily reddening Lord Beaverbrook's face, she did little for global salvation. Yet her letter wins every time. She didn't shelter behind her mother's writing compendium, lisping a few disconnected remarks

and then going off to walk in puddles while someone else did the work. She got out her own compendium and sheltered behind that.

I don't know, naturally, why the Edgbaston mother took the course she did. Any explanation must be merely speculative. Perhaps the boy couldn't write. Perhaps—I mean no offence—perhaps he never made the reported remark at all, the mother herself having in fact made it and, irresistibly struck by its quality, put it in her son's mouth in order to avoid any air of self-satisfaction. But no, I hardly think that to be the answer. Edgbaston folk tend to come right out with a thing if they think it's worth saying. The important thing now is to make sure that the boy gets out his personal pad of ruled-feint and stands on his own two pink little feet.

"Sir,—Hearing that President de Gaulle's atomic armament programme is going to cost £2,000,000,000 I pondered a moment and said, 'That would buy food for an awful lot of starving Algerians, wouldn't it, Mummy?'"



"Good lord—it smells like Sea-View."



"I'm sending it to the Bishop, dear—it's a shortened form of service to be used when those missiles are sighted on the big radar screen."

"SIR,—Hearing a neighbour, Mr. Wicks, telling my Dad that the Restrictive Trade Practices Act made the enforcement of resale price maintenance illegal I came out with, 'Only if it's collective enforcement, Mr. Wicks.'"

"Sir,—Our teacher was telling us how a dromedary lives on its humps and I was able to tell him that this is a popular fallacy, and dromedaries only have one hump anyway."

"SIR,—Synecdoche is a sort of metonymy."

I don't cite these examples as ideal, but merely as the sort of thing any bright twelve-year-old can turn his hand to, thus producing a wide range of feeling among millions of readers, not to mention neighbours, teachers and parents, with a sprinkling of sub-editors thrown in. It is of course necessary in every case for "Aged 12½," or whatever it is, to appear under the signature, otherwise the dramatic effect goes for nothing. In the unlikely event of the young correspondent's finding the constant communication of his own knowledge or achievements boring, there is nothing against his quoting those of

others. An old Churchill story, starting, "My Daddy says . . ." always stands a good chance, being sure to 'draw admiring cries from a million breakfast tables as the public discerns a sense of humour in the young. Or a report of a mother's special quick way with creamed spinach may go down well. If I might venture a last guiding word, I may say that, speaking personally, the sort of letter from "Aged 12 years" that would give me immense pleasure would take something of the following form:

"Sir,—Hearing my Daddy telling my Mummy what goes on inside a reactor I told him that he was making his old mistake of confusing neutrons with cyclotrons. He pondered a moment and then broke my arm."

Why, I'd even consider starting a scrap-book with that one. What about it, Edgbaston?

☆

"Boris Pasternak's great epic of Humanity *Doctor Zhivago*—translated for the first time into Russian."

Notice in a Bloomsbury bookshop
White Russian, of course.

Strike While the News is Hot

By LESLIE MARSH

THE first of a series of "public relations conferences" has been held by a trade union with a view to interesting the outside world in the industrial scene. The important thing in P.R.O. work is the indirect approach. It's the human angle behind the story, not the stark facts, that people like. Topical feature-article material must be ready when news breaks, as last week.

No alert P.R.O., for instance, would have allowed himself to be caught napping by this news item:

Apprentices of Mirrlees, Bickerton and Day Ltd., Stockport diesel engine manufacturers, threatened to strike because eight of their colleagues had been suspended for throwing snowballs near the works gate; one broke a lodge window.

He would have had a breezy background piece available for instant distribution:

YOUTH WILL HAVE ITS FLING

Klosters is costly; winter sports, like charity, begin at home. High-spirited Cheshire lads on the threshold of their careers get a ruddy glow on their cheeks,

co-ordinate eye and arm movement, and strike a blow for the "See Britain First" campaign by practising the not-so-simple art of snowballing on their way to work so as to keep fit for the testing hours of duty that lie ahead. Dick the Shepherd just stood there blowing his nail; these new Elizabethans get out amongst it and romp. This really is Workers' Playtime, for the frost frolics cascade to a crescendo right outside the rather bleak scene of the lusty lads' employment. But what's come over Merrie England? Gradgrind rides again! There are ugly tales of harsh repressive measures. Didn't anybody ever tell the tycoons that "all work and no play . . .?"

Nor should this crude little paragraph have got into the papers unexplained:

Scene-shifters at Wood Green studios walked off the set.

An informative sketch could have interpreted the news to the unthinking reader:

THE INVISIBLE MAN

Behind all the glitter in the tinsel

world of the theatre lies a lot of muck sweat and often a breaking heart. Little do you reck, lolling well dined and wined in your stall, of the expense of sinew that turned "Mulberry Towers: The Morning-room: Morning" into "The Same: Evening" in less time than it took you to stand shouting for a whisky and not getting one until the first bell. Back there, behind the arras, while you kept idly keening "And Splash," men with stout hearts were shoving and grunting, unseen and unapplauded, because very likely the hands on the grandfather clock had to be heaved on eight hours or more, two reading lamps convincingly lit, coffee-cups manhandled out of sight, and never a blind word about "Darling, you were wonderful" at the end of it all. And there are no temperamental fireworks among these dedicated servants of the public for all the chafe and fret of the long bouts of enforced idleness while the acting plods on. Often enough we hear of a prima donna, all bosom and bravura, walking out in a fit of pique,

or it may be some curled, simpering juvenile lead with little beyond a deft, nonchalant flick of his cigarette-ash to show for all his terms at R.A.D.A. But if scene-shifters walk off the set, depend on it, there's a principle worth fighting for at stake, and it may well be time-and-a-half.

In some appropriate cases, such as this:

At Hull 52 ships were idle owing to a strike of 3,000 dockers over whether a cargo of bulk cotton seed should be handled with shovels and baskets or by a mechanical grab.

first-person atmosphere studies can be filed for use by women correspondents:

ARE YOU FROM DIXIE?

"They don't plant taters, they don't plant cotton,

And dem that plants 'em is soon forgotten . . ."

I could almost hear Paul Robeson's

voice as I stood on the silent quay. And then I was carried back to Tennessee—"All I can think of to-night, is a field of snowy white." Cotton again! What is the magic in it that winds its gossamer strands round your heart once you've worked in it; whether you drill the rich earth to entrust the frail seed to her fecund warmth, tend the nursing plant, harvest the shimmering crop, stow the bounty snugly for its voyage across the vasty main, or even under duress bruise the delicate bulk seed with coarse, brutalized shovel and basket? For that, I am ashamed to confess, is how the insensitive taskmasters of Hull insist on the seed being handled, instead of with the caressing fingers of the elegant modern mechanical grab. No wonder there have been sad-hearted dyed-in-the-cotton mechanical

grabsters at Hull these last unhappy days. Shovel and basket, for the love of Tolpuddle! Are we living in the Middle Ages?

Next week I hope to deal with "Franchise Through the Ages" and "Everyman's Guide to Proportional Representation" for issue by the E.T.U.

☆

"PUBLICIZE DICKENS'S BIRTHPLACE—LORD MAYOR

"The Provost of Portsmouth, the Very Rev. E. N. Porter Goff, spoke of Dickens starting a 'social revolution and of us being the heirs.

'He brought to light the terrible social conditions of his day and exposed other vices for which we should be ever grateful,' he said."—*Portsmouth Evening News*

Lambeth 'phoned yet?



"I'm on A30 on the wrong side of Salisbury and I look like being late for supper."

100

GRAB THAT CENTENARY

Cragg, Josiah (1808-1874), bootlace-manufacturer; introduced ca. 1860 the metal-tagged bootlace. D.N.B.

From "To-day" (BBC Home Service)

"... back again next week with some hints about removing chutney stains from cricket-caps.

"A hundred years ago to-day the world saw its first metal bootlace tag. Harry Bollard was in the studio earlier to tell us something about this, and here he is again."

"It is difficult to believe, in an age where the metal-ended boot-, or indeed shoe-lace, is taken for granted in places as far apart as Totnes and Tadcaster, that as late as 1859 there was no such thing. Wordsworth wrote his Lines Above Tintern Abbey with the frayed ends of his laces sticking out all over the place. Gladstone was fifty-one by the time Josiah Cragg's labour-saving invention was on the market, and too old to change his ways, though it was at a meeting in Leeds in 1881 that he made his famous reference, 'The resources of civilization are not yet exhausted.' Disraeli felt differently, and the idea of a metal-ended lace appealed to his natural flamboyance, so much so that when Cragg begged him to accept a set of six,

with instructions for use, the great man at once had them gilded. Paderewski, who had a reputation for being fussy about footwear, was once playing a piece of Saint-Saëns at Versailles" [remainder blotted out by running bath-water]

From "The Times"

Der Tag

Was it not the EARL OF FOSSWATER'S youngest son who said, in that *roman à clef* of Wigtownshire society, *The Bursting Years*, "Mamma, I would like to be rich enough to cut my boot-laces every night"? It is not clear whether the child who expressed this otiose ambition proposed personally to thread new laces in his boots each morning or to leave this not inconsiderable task to a manservant, but it is perhaps of some significance that the desire found its expression in a day when the metal boot-lace tag—the centenary of which we are now gratefully celebrating—had brought its matutinal boon to humanity; a boon comparable only, perhaps, to the invention of the buttonhook. Those who have had the misfortune to lose a tag from a treasured boot-lace and have vainly tried to insert the fretted ends into a too-constricted aperture will scarcely wish to be reminded of the experience, especially if the

feat was attempted, with fingers numbed, while standing in *sox et praeterea nihil* (to adapt what, in this context, may not inaptly be called a useful tag). It is hard to see why GEORGE ELIOT'S Amos Barton should have exclaimed "Boots and shoes are the greatest trouble of my life," when Amos was clearly in a position to command an adequate supply of the latest pattern of tagged laces. Nor is it apparent why RUDYARD KIPLING in his impassioned poem about boots neglected to make an appreciative reference to the reinforced laces which so endeared themselves to the British Tommy. The men who, under "Bobs," trod the road from Kabul to Kandahar, occasionally unlacing their boots to pour away the blood, had more cause than most of us to bless the invention of the immortal Josiah Cragg whose claim to the title of "Soldier's Friend" is not the less strong because it has never been adequately canvassed in Whitehall. Yet how...

From the "Spectator"

Some Nineteenth Century Bootlaces. By John Crawley. (Deptford, 14 gns.)
Craftsman Cragg. By Evelyn Ripp. Bludgeon Books, 3s. 6d.)

It is a pity that Professor Crawley's *magnum opus*, though ably timed to coincide with a centenary in the bootlace world, is not the definitive work his admirers had been expecting. Even in a work on this scale there are bound to be omissions, but they ought not to be omissions of crucial importance. To take but one example, among the one hundred and twenty-eight pictures of Victorian bootlaces (magnificently reproduced in colour) there is room for a certain amount of *trivia*, as there are not that number of important—really important—specimens surviving from the whole century. All the more damning, then, is Professor Crawley's total omission of any reference to Frederick Strange's copper-tagged bootlace, whose prototype (as Dr. Barnard has shown) was probably in existence before 1858.

Miss Ripp, by contrast, has produced a modest and workmanlike study. Allowance must be made for the sensationalism inseparable from her publishers' imprint—the episode with the young Duchess of Uxminster is an example—but by using italic for her more conjectural passages she has enabled the serious student...

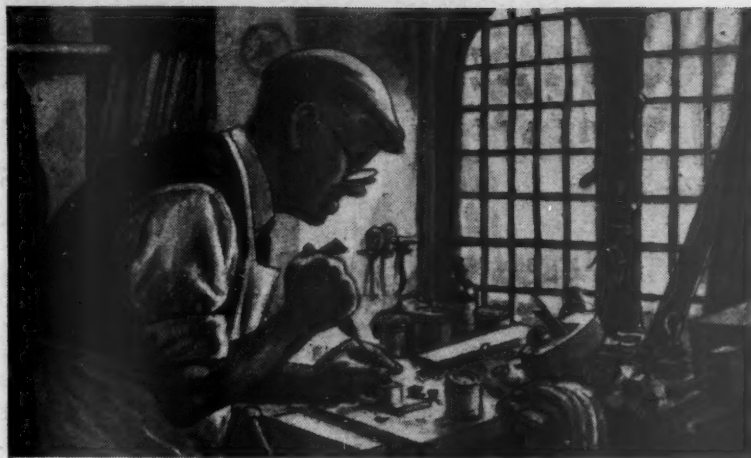
From the "Daily Worker"

... took the salute in Red Square at the march past of four hundred thousand bootlace operatives who were celebrating the double centenary of N. Gordeyayev's invention, in 1760, of the metal-tagged...

A London Transport Poster



From "Country Life"



ONE OF THE LAST EXPONENTS OF THE OLD RURAL WOOD-TAG CRAFT, MR. ALBERT GIMBLE. When told that this was the centenary year of the metal tag he exclaimed "So that's what they've been using all these years." Mr. Gimble's tags are made only from the lower branches of the Portuguese juniper, great groves of which were once maintained by the Worshipful Company of Tag-makers in this part of England (the same timber was used for the handles of seventeenth-century stomach-brushes). Before being fashioned, the wood is seasoned by being soaked in bogwater (much of it now imported) and dried in kilns over a slow fire of cider barrels stuffed with fish waste. Each tag undergoes no fewer than 27 processes, including buffing, huffing, blowing and worm-proofing. Mr. Gimble thinks there will always be a demand for wooden lace-tags. "After all," he says, "they are the only kind that is safe to wear near magnets."

From Current Headlines

JOSHIAH SPLIT A NAIL

Daily Express

THE CHANGING FACE OF CLERICAL FOOTWEAR
Church of England Newspaper

NO SNAGS WITH CRAGG'S TAGS

Daily Mirror

MEN FUSS OVER THEIR FEET

Woman

From "Hansard"

15. Dr. Barnett Stross asked the Post master-General whether he had now considered the recommendations made by the Prestige Sub-Committee of the Boot Trades Federation to commemorate the birth of the Cragg Metal-Ended Bootlace with an issue of Memorial Stamps.

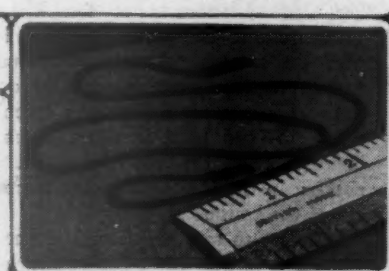
Mr. J. R. Bevins: I am very glad to note that my hon. friend has the interests of Her Majesty's Post Office, and philatelists generally, at heart, but it would not be in the public interest to make a statement at present.

From the
"New Statesman"

I have not seen it mentioned anywhere that Josiah Cragg not only opposed family planning and homosexuality from the outset, but was also in his later years a bitter enemy of Trade Unionism. To this day tags are hammered on to laces in the Cragg factory (a dark, miserable hole reminiscent of some back-street abattoir in Salazar's Portugal) by scrawny waifs who are lucky if they take home seventeen pounds for a forty-hour week. His grandson James, a well-known figure at Aldermaston, did splendid work with the International Brigade, and has written a vivid account of the youth of Roger Casement, which I have read in manuscript. Unlike his great father, James had the makings of a great exponent of judo and rationalism, and it was a shock to his friends in Mau-Mau when he became a Roman Catholic. Incidentally, the price of shoelace-tag shares has declined steadily since Suez. I shall hold on, however.

CRITIC

From "The Sphere"



A STARTLING DISCOVERY. Minute examination of a third century Inca boot-lace has revealed that it had tags which may have been metal. It is now in the British Museum.

From "Tonight" (BBC TV)

Fyfe Robertson interviews Herbert Cragg, in different studios. The italics represent a peculiar whining note of query.

H.C.: He died soon after, but it just shows you what a great one he was for the women.

F.R.: It does indeed, Mr. Cragg.

H.C.: Eh?

F.R.: I said—can you *hear* me all right, Mr. Cragg?

H.C.: It just shows you what a great one he was for the women. I'll give you another instance.

F.R.: No, I said can you *hear* me? There seems to be—

H.C.: No, I can't sing. They never said nothing about singing.

F.R.: Can you—Ah, that's better. Now, Mr. Cragg, have you any idea *why* your father should want to put metal tips on his shoelaces? Surely a shoelace would have done its job just as well *without* a metal tip? It seems rather an extraordinary thing to *do*, don't you think, to want to go to the trouble of cutting up bits of metal like that, and squeezing them on to the ends of your shoelaces. What do you think *yourself*, Mr. Cragg?

H.C.: Well, I'll sing if you *like*, but they never said nothing about it when they fetched me.

F.R.: What I'm trying to *get* at, d'you see, is why he wasn't satisfied with an *ordinary* shoelace. Some people might say he was a bit *daft*, if you follow me. What do you think *yourself*?

H.C.: I'll tell you another thing my father did, he thought up the metal tips on boot-laces. You wouldn't have no metal tips on your boot-laces to-day if it wasn't for my father.

F.R.: Yes, I know that. But what was the *purpose* of it, Mr. Cragg?

H.C.: And d'you know why he thought it up? The ends wouldn't go through the holes, that were it. He used to swear something terrible of a morning.

F.R.: But surely the *sensible* thing would have been to make the holes *larger*?

H.C.: Oh, he tried that, but the water got in his boots.

F.R.: I see. And he didn't *like* that?

H.C.: It was a thing he couldn't stand you see, the water getting in his boots.

F.R.: But why? I must say he seems to have been something of an *eccentric*, your father. What would you say *yourself*, Mr. Cragg?

F.R.: No, my mother never wore boots, she didn't like boots, my mother.

F.R.: I see. Well, thank you, Mr. Cragg. (*turning to face the camera*): From what we've heard to-night, it really looks as though there are two schools of thought here. What do you think? Good night.



Have B.A.— Will Travel

Further jottings from
the Diaries of A. J. WENTWORTH
as recorded by H. F. Ellis

3. A Comfortable Billet

IT has all turned out very well in the end, as is often the case if one keeps one's head and lets things take their course. Some men, I dare say, would have given up after the unlucky experience I had on my first attempt to keep an appointment at the Manor House, Stenshall, Wiltshire, but schoolmasters have to learn to take the rough with the smooth. A very courteous letter from Colonel Ripley, regretting any inconvenience to which I had been put and suggesting a date for a second visit, decided me to try again—and here, in short, I am, snugly housed in a bedroom twice the size of my little crib at Fenport, and nothing in the way of draughts to speak of considering the age of the house.

Needless to say, my second journey down here went off without a hitch. Mrs. Ripley drove me from the station, pointing out this and that as we went along. She is a charming lady, and we very soon found out that she was at school with a Miss Soulby whose nephew was at Burgrove during my time there, though we could neither of us remember the boy's name. A strange coincidence, which helped, I think. She is the kind of person with whom one at once feels at ease.

So, in his rather more boisterous way, is the Colonel. He has broken a leg, poor fellow, and is obliged to spend the day on a couch in his study, but looks very fit and healthy none the less. I naturally attempted an apology for my failure to get further than Manor Farm on the Wednesday, but he brushed it aside with great good humour.

"Never laughed so much in my life, when I heard," he said, slapping his good knee. "Hens flying all over the place, shouting and shots in the five-acre, and then down the hill you come like a bat out of hell, balancing on a two-wheeled trailer by God, if Mrs. Jellaby is to be believed, with oats pouring out of your ears and milk scattering this way and that like a Goddess of Plenty in her chariot—if I could have been *there*, dammit!—and then *blam!* head-first into a heap of dung and a hundred and fifty-six sneezes to round it off. What an entry! 'Mary,' I said to my wife—didn't I, Mary?—'we must see this joker, if it's the last thing we do,' I said, 'and get the real inside story.' Well, you know how it is. Mrs. Jellaby seems to think you did it on purpose."

"I dare say Mr. Wentworth didn't find the experience very funny at the time, dear," Mrs. Ripley said in her gentle way, while I was considering how best to take this very exaggerated account of an admittedly absurd contretemps.

"It was certainly an unconventional way to arrive," I said at last with a smile. "But these things happen." And I gave them a short account of what really occurred, to which I must say they both listened with a great deal of appreciation. But then I have always had the knack of telling a story, even if it is, up to a point, against myself.

"Lucky you didn't hurt yourself, my boy," Colonel Ripley said, when he had had his laugh out. "You must bill me for those trousers—and the umbrella, of course. We might have it mounted and hung up in the hall with the stags' heads and other trophies. What is it, by the way—an eight-pointer?"

I could not help joining in the laughter at this ridiculous notion, and capped the Colonel's fancy by suggesting that perhaps a plaster cast could be made of my ruined trousers. This sally had even Colonel Ripley beaten, and after a little silence he said that perhaps he ought to come to the point and explain what kind of help he was looking for during his enforced idleness. It would be mainly answering the telephone, I gathered, and seeing to this and that, as his wife had to be out in the car, on farming and village matters, a great deal of the time. I replied that I should be happy to make myself useful in any way that was within my powers, and after some further conversation about detail, the thing was settled. They gave me a satisfying lunch of steak-and-kidney pudding, which I always enjoy, and I left, promising to return with my baggage on the Monday. "Let us know if you think of taking the short cut across the fields," the Colonel called after me, but not being able to think of a suitable reply, I contented myself with a wave of the hand. The joke, in any case, is beginning to wear a bit thin.

So here, as I say, I am, safely back again at the Manor, with two very full and interesting days work behind me. The Colonel has wide interests and keeps me busy on errands of one kind and another. Some of them might be thought a bit, well, *infra dig* for a man in my position, but I am no believer in making a fuss, especially as Colonel Ripley always

remembers to preface an unusual request with the words "Be a good chap," which keeps things on a proper footing. Or so it seems to me.

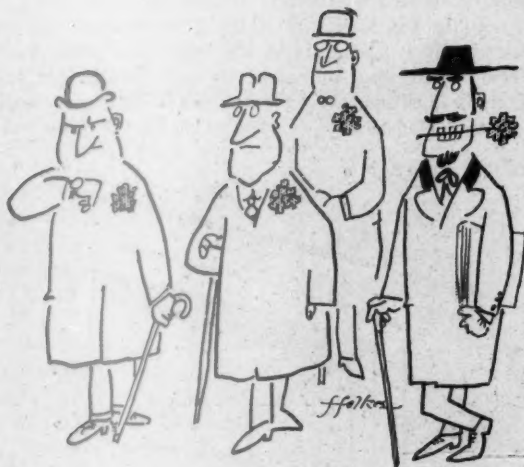
It is a varied life. This morning, for instance, there was an order for linseed cake to be hastened, a note to take to old Mrs. Coombes at the cottage, and a parcel to be got off. Then I had to ring Rogers at the Bull and tell him it was off ("Never mind what," the Colonel said, in answer to my natural inquiry. "He'll know"), give a message to the Rector about the Boys' Club and ask Mrs. Jellaby how Phoebe was doing. "Oh, and while you're in the village," he went on, while I scribbled my instructions down on the pad I have bought myself (quite the secretary, eh?), "you might look Mathers up and ask him about the insurance on Felicity. I want to be sure she is adequately covered. And get me a P.O. for 18s. 6d., will you? There's money in the drawer there. My wife has to be over at Sturminster all day in the car, I'm afraid, but there's an old bike of mine in the garage. It's got a basket, so bring a few leeks from the farm

—only don't bring 'em to me, as you did with that fish yesterday, take 'em straight in to cook. There's a good chap," he added, as my eyebrows rose.

There was also a message about a sack of potatoes that Mrs. Ripley would deliver to-morrow, but I did not quite get the name of the person to whom I was to give it. Colonel Ripley gets rather impatient if one asks him to repeat things—it is his leg, I dare say, that makes him a little brusque at times—and in any case there was no need to bother him. The message was certainly to one of the people I had to call upon on other matters, so I had only to keep asking as I went along. That is what we used to call "using your initiative" in the Army, where one soon learns to find things out for oneself. Colonel Ripley rather reminds me of my old C.O. in a way; he has a trick of taking it for granted that one knows what he is talking about, which of course is not always the case at first when the subject is an unfamiliar one such as Army Council Instructions or, as in this instance, livestock and so on. Had he made it clear to me that Felicity was a



"How soon can I drop the role of ministering angel?"



mare, which I could hardly be expected to know, my interview with Mrs. Mathers (to take a case in point) would certainly have gone off a great deal more smoothly.

When a rather slatternly woman came to the door of No. 7, Cadnam Row, in answer to my knock, and told me that Mr. Mathers was out, I naturally assumed that I was speaking to Mrs. Mathers, as indeed I was. "Was it something important?" she asked me, and I thought there could be no harm in passing on the gist of my message, particularly as I was under the impression that it concerned her.

"It was only that Colonel Ripley wanted to know," I began—"the question is whether you are adequately covered."

The woman flushed up and immediately glanced down at her attire, and following the direction of her eyes I realized that, in that sense, she certainly was *not*. To get over what might have been a momentary awkwardness, I decided to change the subject and, averting my eyes, asked her casually whether she was expecting a sack of potatoes.

"It's no business of yours what I'm expecting, nor when," she cried furiously, and to my utter astonishment slammed the door in my face, giving me no chance at all to explain, as I was anxious to do in my own good time, that my opening question referred simply to insurance. These country people take a deal of understanding. It was a relief to move on to the Rectory, where I had a pleasant chat with the incumbent, a man of my own kidney with whom there was no need to fear misunderstandings or embarrassments. He told me much about Stenshall and its good people, which

will be a help to me as I go to and fro, and in return I explained that I was acting as companion-secretary to Colonel Ripley, while he was laid up. "Though I'm more of a glorified errand boy than a secretary, it seems," I added, smiling to show that I did not really take my employment amiss.

"Well, it's something to be glorified," he responded. "I only live in hopes of attaining that status!" And on that friendly note we parted.

My final call was upon Mrs. Jellaby, down at the Manor Farm, an encounter which, to tell the truth, I put off as long as I could.

"Well I never!" she cried, throwing up her hands in mock astonishment. "If it isn't Mr. Woo-Woo-Woorasher!"

I had half expected something of the kind, after my previous meeting with the lady, and deliberately ignored the impertinence. "My name is Wentworth," I said quietly. "Am I right in thinking I am addressing Mrs. Jellaby?"

"I can't forget it—ever," she said. "I was in the front, not to tell a lie, when the clatter starts up, and I said to myself 'It's the atomic!' I said 'Or if it's not that,' I said—"

"Mrs. Jellaby! I have been asked by my employer, Colonel Ripley—"

"And sneeze!" the woman went on, wiping her eyes. "Sitting there in the muck, kind of baffled, and not a word out of you but A-ratchoo till I thought to myself—"

"Mrs. Jellaby!"

"But there! Come in do, Mr. Wentworth," Mrs. Jellaby said, pulling herself together at last. "I'm forgetting my manners. A glass of cider won't do either of us any harm."

I was somewhat loth, as may be imagined, to accept hospitality after what had passed, but I had my mission to fulfil and took three glasses before I could get to the point. I must say that Mrs. Jellaby proved, on better acquaintance, to be a very amiable woman and quite devoted to Mrs. Ripley, as who is not? She is inclined to be a little voluble, perhaps, and utterly unable, like all these farming folk, to appreciate that what is clear to her may not be equally clear to an outsider.

"Phoebe?" she said at last, in answer to my repeated inquiries. "We're not happy about her at all, not really. She's still not letting it down, tell the Colonel."

"Dear me!" I said. "Yes. I see. Not letting what down exactly, Mrs. Jellaby?"

"Why, her milk," Mrs. Jellaby said, staring at me as though I were out of my mind. "Whatever else, Mr. Wentworth?"

"Of course, of course," I said. "I hadn't realized—that is to say, what precisely do you think is the cause of this—of the failure? Just in case the Colonel wants to know, you know."

"They say I'm an out-of-date old silly, Mr. Wentworth," Mrs. Jellaby replied, leaning forward very earnestly with her hands on her knees, "but it's *my* opinion she's got a cold in her bag."

"I see," I said, wondering what some of my old colleagues would have thought of this extraordinary conversation. "Yes. No doubt. One can only hope, in that case, that, unlike another lady I could name, she is adequately covered!"

I had her there! It was *her* turn not to understand what I was talking about.

**Next week:
A Cricket Dinner**

Nightingale in My Life

By PATRICK RYAN

SHOULD you come to our house we'd be most obliged if you would sprain your ankle, break your jaw, or injure your chest. But, for God's sake, don't hurt yourself anywhere else. You do that and we'll likely have to shoot you where you lie.

We are currently blessed with a ten-year-old Nursing Cadet of five weeks' experience. She joined up in the middle of the first-aid course, just in time to catch the lessons on ankles, jaws and chests. Having missed the other areas of the body that went before, her general physiology is a bit sketchy, but she knows a few bandages for her three specialist parts.

If you are female and obliging enough to injure yourself intimately, we have a chest bandage that will fix you up a treat. If my daughter had been at Trafalgar we'd never have lost Nelson. Twice round with her chest-yoke and Miss Dors could pass for Tommy Steele.

She put it on me one night—for

before I found the scissors and cut myself loose. By which time my daughter had finally abandoned hope and was reading page 46 of her First-Aid Handbook—the Treatment of Asphyxiation.

When she was first on sprained ankles she used to pray for one every night. Eventually, God sent her this big drinking uncle to stay the weekend. He hadn't been in the house an hour when he slipped on an empty bottle and twisted his ankle. Before the echo of his curses had died away she had him in an armchair and was belting a cold compress around his injured foot. She strapped it up beautifully with her ankle-bandage and the whole thing would have been a great success if she hadn't lost his shoe.

This uncle has feet only just out of a circus and his shoes are like small black boats. Losing one of his size fifteen junks in our bijou two-beds-and-a-box was a superb feat of negligence. She swears her dachshund was mixed up in it somewhere, but he claims he was out

of the house at the time, studying the mechanical problems involved in his courtship of a three-foot-six female Labrador.

We never found the shoe and this uncle convinced himself it was all an elaborate practical joke designed expressly to humiliate him.

"Where's my shoe?" he kept shouting at intervals through the weekend. "Where's my bloody shoe?"

I've had to give up carpentry since she became a Nursing Cadet. My nerve has gone. Whenever I am engaged in a bout of wood-butchery she stands beside my bench and watches in hungry silence. If I pick up an edged tool, her eyes glisten and her tongue tips pinkly out like a hopeful ferret. She has a bandage and gauze-pad ever at the ready, her handbook open at Page 57, General Rules for the Treatment of Wounds Accompanied by Severe Bleeding, and the kettle on the hob for the old hot, sweet tea. When she gets to Page 93—Poisons, I'm leaving home. I'm not risking her doing a Borgia on me just so that she can induce regurgitation by tickling the back of my throat with a table-spoon.

The handbook gives guidance on diagnosis and has pictures of men with reliable faces in the positions betokening their various injuries. From these, my cadet has devised a divertissement in which she adopts the posture of an unfortunate victim and you have to guess what particular palsy has struck her down. I have ever been a man easily frightened, yet I stood up reasonably well to the straight stuff like Double



God's sake, she says, I've got to practise on *somebody*—and had me near as a cobweb on the sharp end of parricide. When she heaved the harness tight at the back, the neck-loop pulled my head down to my thorax like a hunchback seahorse. One moment I was watching "Wagon Train"; the next, I was just another man strangling himself with his own chin.

Panic then set in. I couldn't breathe and she couldn't untie the knots.

I shambled off like the Son of Quasimodo and my eyes were filled with fireballs, my ears with jungle drums,





"If you hadn't smashed the car I'd come more often."

Fracture of the Collar-Bones or Foreign Body in the Ear Channel. But I resigned as audience when confronted by her interpretation of *Man with His Clothes On Fire* who has been Bitten by a Venomous Snake or Rabid Animal and who, in the understandable agitation of the moment, has fallen and Broken His Jaw. Her slack-mouthed gibbering performance would have put the breeze up Stanislavsky. She practises alone in her bedroom now and the TV rights in this parlour game are still available.

Whatever later benefits her first-aid training may bring, it has already made her more liberal in outlook. She used to be an ardent pussyfoot, a child evangelist for the Band of Hope. It was my own fault for taking her to see the Pre-Raphaelites. Half an hour spellbound before Augustus Egg, "The Last Day in the Old Home" and "The Drunkard's Family," and her life was henceforth dedicated to pushing her old man up on the wagon.

Sometimes when I come home late I fall over things and damage myself here and there. This is due to hereditary night-blindness. In the past, these misfortunes have drawn nothing but scorn and obloquy from my teetotal child. But now all is changed. Avid for injuries at any cost, she has cast her principles overboard. Daily, with her

diary open and pencil poised, she inquires into my social commitments.

"And when," she asks, encouraging as a nannie, "are we planning to get drunk again?"

My daughter came into her medical own, however, one Sunday morning when we were out walking her dog. It was cold and misty, and we were the only souls moving on the road to the park.

Then a boy in a bright red jersey came riding towards us on a yellow bicycle. He was a good-looking boy, perhaps eleven, and she gave him a long, slow, female look. He reacted with the instinctive masculine display, letting go of the handle-bars and riding with no hands.

It was all most impressive but, unfortunately, in giving her the big eye as he swept past, he forgot to look where he was going... swung into the kerb... fell off his bicycle and clunked his head smack into the trunk of a sycamore tree.

We ran over to him. He lay quite still on the grass verge. I bent to pick him up.

"Don't move him," said my daughter sharply. "You shouldn't move an injured person until you've thought what's wrong. This one is insensible, I'd say."

"So would I."

She had her book open at Page 90—Insensibility.

"If the patient is not breathing," she read, "perform artificial respiration." She studied him. "He's breathing all right... If breathing, lay on the back with head turned to one side."

He was already on his back. She turned his head gently to one side. I know nothing of first-aid and I suddenly felt ill-equipped for life and very foolish.

"Undo all tight clothing," she read on, "about the neck and chest..." She pulled down his tie and unbuttoned the neck of his shirt.

"Next... Keep back the crowd." She waved magisterially at me and the dog. "You'd both better keep a bit farther away."

We fell back a pace into the gutter.

"Obtain a doctor's help as soon as possible... Do not leave the patient until you have placed him in charge of another responsible person. Another responsible person...?" She eyed me with justifiable doubt. "I think I'd better stay with him, while you 'phone for a doctor."

The telephone kiosk was about three hundred yards away and around a corner. I dialled 999 four times before I discovered it was one of those boxes in which you have to dial "O" for Emergency.

"An accident..." I started and the operator slipped me straight through to the Ambulance people. There were peewits playing castanets somewhere along the line but I managed to get the message over in the end.

I left the kiosk and walked back to the accident. The boy and his bicycle were gone. So was my daughter.

Away up the road, I saw the yellow bicycle disappearing round the bend, the good-looking boy in the red jersey pedalling serenely and the Nursing Cadet sitting on his cross-bar.

The dog barked his disapproval and set off in pursuit. In the distance, the bell of an ambulance trilled briskly. I turned and beat it for the cover of the park. Those ambulance-boys come out for a body, they don't go back without one.

☆

"BUDGIE CAGE, almost New.—Smellie, 3 Willow Way, Park Road, Kilm."

Dunoon Observer and Argyllshire Standard

Suit humming-bird?

Toby Competitions

No. 103.—Ice-Breaker

COMPETITORS are asked to devise four cautious conversational openings for a cocktail party using the following jumping-off points: (1) The fact that the hostess's dog wears a red, white and blue bow. (2) A photograph of the host wearing yachting costume and surrounded by girls in bikinis. (3) A woman at the other end of the room in spangled jeans and (4) The use of liqueur glasses for cocktails. Limit: 120 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, March 11, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 103, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 100

(Code of Honour)

Competitors were asked for twelve lines of school song, or similar art form, embodying the sentiment of the slogan "Better Drivers Honour the Code." Motoring and the *alma mater* proved a powerful combination, with "Forty Years On" standing up well under a fusillade of parodies; several Latin entries were regrettably discarded. The winner is:

C. H. W. ROLL

THE LITTLE HOUSE

WOODCHURCH

KENT

Come walkers and cyclists and other small fry,
I think we're agreed that we don't want to die.
Our chance to survive may perhaps be increased
If we chant this refrain to the motoring beast:
"Better drivers honour the code;
Others are better off the road."

As we leap over hedges and cower by doors
To escape the attack of mechanized boors,
Let us shout, let us scream, let us BELLOW forsooth
These words full of meaning and beauty and truth:
"Better drivers honour the code;
Others are better off the road."

And the following songs are thought worthy of book-tokens:

School! School! School! The Passwell School for Drivers!
We are the code observers. We are the safe arrivers.
On every road of empire, from Looe to Aberdeen,
We show all decent chaps the way with licenses quite clean.

School! School! School! The Passwell School for Drivers!
Always honour the Code! Belong to the stay-alivers!
We always test our tyres for air. We always test our brakes.
We cheerfully subscribe to a wreath for the man who overtakes.

School! School! School! The Passwell School for ever!
We don't say yes to "One for the Road?" Our breath it smelleth never.

And when Life's Road is ended we'll wave our unsmirched slates
As we drive in perfect safety through heaven's pearly gates.

E. O. Parrott, 47 Daver Court, Chelsea Manor St., S.W.3

DRINKING SONG

Better drivers Honour the Code.
That's all very well for some other guy.
For me it's a "ton" on the open road
With a blonde beside when the revs run high.
What does it matter, a prang or two?
Let the Insurance worry, my boy.
A tankard of beer spreads a rosy hue
That ice and fog cannot destroy.
So down with your drink and a quick refill—
Landlord! another one for the road.
Yoicks! Tally ho! We're out for the kill.
Let other drivers Honour the Code.

L. Goldman, 2 Newborough Rd., Shirley, Solihull

Forty yards on, past the lights at the junction,
Who knows what perils are waiting for you?
Are you quite sure that your brake pedals function
Ready for what may come out of the blue?
Guidance and help in a sixpenny treatise
Offered to all who would follow the Code,
Read it, digest it, and constantly practise
The lessons that teach you the rule of the road.
Be alert! Be alert! Be alert! Be alert! Be alert!
Or you'll soon be a dead specimen,
Just a case for the twelve jurymen.
Be alert! Be alert!

S. L. Short, 49 Alva-way, Carpenders Park, Watford

(To the tune of the Judge's song in "Iolanthe")

Nothing venture, nothing pay;
There may be a will but not a way;
Reverse into a Minor Road;
Better Drivers Honour the Code.
Choose the right lane or you will learn
The lane is long that has no turn;
Do not exceed the maximum load;
Better Drivers Honour the Code;
Things are seldom what they seem—
Two bikes may throw a double beam;
With Moore the merrier on the road
Better Drivers Honour the Code.

Alice D. Clinch, 63 Rickmansworth Road, Pinner

Book-token also to:

L. K. Bluntmore, 106 New Haw Rd., New Haw, Weybridge

THEN AS NOW

Frank Reynolds was Art Editor of PUNCH from 1920 to 1930.



SCENE—A Road in Northumberland.
Inspired Tramp. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT AM I RIGHT FOR PEEZANCE?"

July 15 1925



Beer and Chemicals

AN incongruous mixture indeed—and one which, whatever the disgruntled connoisseurs of one or the other may sometimes aver, is never consummated. Last week they jostled one another for the attention of the City. Beer became news with the announcement of further brewery mergers. In chemicals the expansion and prosperity of the industry was revealed by the publication of brilliant results by one of its biggest components—Monsanto.

Beer is rapidly becoming an industry of giants. The consolidation movement which has been going on for many months is, little by little, merging the successful but comparatively small regional concerns into vast units. In an industry which has such an important stake in its own retail distribution and which, therefore, has far-flung interests in the bricks and mortar of licensed premises, this concentration movement should have provided a bonanza for the professional take-over merchants. The “mere financiers” have had a try, but have been repulsed. The kinship of beer has proved stronger than the lure of cash. The brewers have stuck together. The consolidation movement in the industry has, appropriately, been one of horizontal and not vertical combination.

During the past week the trading agreement entered into last July between Courage & Barclay on the one hand and H. & G. Simonds on the other has been widened into a merger proposal—and on terms which have added appreciably to the market value of Courage & Barclay shares. Adding the assets involved, this will constitute a £42 million group. Talks have also begun for a £37 million merger between Scottish Brewers and Newcastle Breweries, and in each case the shares have risen sharply.

These marriages of like with like cannot but strengthen the industry, lead to many administrative economies,

allow some unprofitable assets to be sold on profitable terms and generally enhance the prospect for the shares concerned. The brewers are still basking in the sunshine of 1959 and the thirsts induced by last year's miraculous summer. But they are not merely basking; they are also preparing for the tougher conditions of more typically British summers. For the investor the “trade” is still an expanding one. It has earned and repaid the generosity with which the Chancellor treated it in the last Budget.

Monsanto Chemicals have just given us a glittering indication of the prosperity that has been and is still being enjoyed by the chemical industry in this country. Their profits rose from just over £1 million in 1958 to £1,700,000 in 1959; the dividend has been raised. The company is still in a spate of expansion. Its sales in the first

half of last year were 16½ per cent higher than in 1958 and the rate of improvement in the second half had risen to 19½ per cent.

The company is still increasing its capacity and it will be financing its extensions in the most canny and inexpensive way, namely out of retained profits. The dividend for last year was raised from 13½ to 15 per cent; but the earnings available to pay those dividends rose from 23·8 to 43·3 per cent. This is extreme conservatism. When Sir Miles Thomas, the Chairman, gives his full account of the position later in the year he will no doubt provide ample justification for what some shareholders might feel is an unduly cautious distribution. Monsanto shares yield only 3 per cent on the increased dividend; but they are one of the best “growth stocks” in the Stock Exchange list.

— LOMBARD LANE



Barns—Mainly Old

“BARN'S £25,000 Restoration,” ran a headline. Something like a restoration, to be completed this spring. But that is quite some barn at Bradford-on-Avon. Fourteenth-century, 170 ft. long and with a stone-tile roof (now mostly remade) weighing 232 tons.

Another tithe barn, at Great Coxwell in Berkshire, is reputed to have been appraised by William Morris as “the finest building in Europe.” Less eminent but more insular, and local people call it King John's Stable, but a probable building date of 1300-1320 is a trifle late for the victim of peaches and new cider. It has a tallat or loft where a guardian monk is supposed to have slept during harvest nights. Another National Trust barn, at Bredon, actually boasts a porch-room with a fireplace and a lovely medieval chimney shaft.

Date stones survive on one or two ancient barns: the best is at Church Enstone, north Oxon: the Gothic Latin records that the barn was built by the Abbot of Winchcombe in 1382. In 1957 the repair of the roof was the cause

of publicized dissension. Carlisle has near its cathedral a barn with some of the roof still hung in the old way, on sheep bones rather than oak pegs.

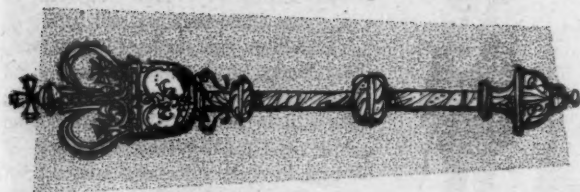
A good hare to start is England's Longest Barn, with the prospect of such questions as Must it be straight? (for there are prodigious L-shaped barns) and Do ruins count? (if so, what about St. Leonard's, Beaulieu and Abbotsbury—two ancient giants half-ruined and half-roofless?) Then there's Wyke Farm, west of Sherborne, once or twice acclaimed the length-champion with 268 ft. But the official volume on Ancient Monuments asserts that here are two barns end to end, “making one continuous range (about 230 ft. long).” Unkind authority. Sussex and Kent have competitors, at Patcham, Alceston and Frindsby—the last being a likely favourite, a timber barn 219 ft. long with a complete straight roof.

One Wiltshire barn (Tisbury) is reputed to have the second longest thatched roof in England—188 ft. There is a Hampshire barn (Old Basing) which still wears wounds inflicted by Cromwell's cannon; a Devon barn (Torre near Torquay) in which Spanish Armada sailors were imprisoned; a noble Dorset barn converted into a singular house.

A sour observer, having noted how conveniently the vast spaces of some 500-year-old barns accommodate the monstrous harvesting and drying machinery of to-day's farming, may wonder how many human dwellings built between 1900 and 1960 will last one-quarter the time of these barns.

— J. D. U. WARD

Essence



of Parliament

THIS column has often rallied to the support of the back-benchers in their complaints against front-bench time-hogging. Yet the problem is not easy. It is not always satisfactorily solved. On Monday back-benchers had

**Gentlemen Do
Not Prefer
Glasses**

their first bite at the new cherry of a free Monday debate. It was used by Commander Pursey to make a speech of intolerable length recounting the arguments that he had had with various opticians, first in Hull and afterwards in Putney, about his difficulties in obtaining satisfactory frames for his spectacles. A few Members drifted in and out of an empty House, vainly inquiring whether there was any chance that he would ever end and they would be able to get on to birching—the next and more exciting item on the list. In weariness they most of them seemed to agree that, evil for evil, they would sooner be driven through the division lobby by a three-line whip than have to listen to Commander Pursey. Dr. Summerskill, almost alone, was strong enough to take it.

*Men seldom make passes
At girls who wear glasses,*

she asserted, and took off her own. But even that did not make it a day.

The week provided other examples of how usefully private Members can use the public time which the Government so graciously concedes to them. It was discovered that the

**How Members
Love Their
Constituents**

Clock Tower at Westminster is leaning over a little to the north-west and the Victoria Tower is leaning over a little to the south-west. There are those cynics who would argue that much the same is true of the Conservative and the Socialist parties. Mr. Dodds was concerned that the Army Estimates should be swollen by the expenses of soldiers going out with assignations to obtain kisses from show-girls, to break into nudists' camps, to get panties autographed by strip-tease dancers. Considering some of the things upon which soldiers do spend money, these activities would seem both comparatively innocuous and comparatively inexpensive. On Tuesday the House abandoned itself to a Socialist vote of censure on the Government for its list of areas to be given special assistance against unemployment, and on Thursday another for its alleged unfair distribution of the rate burden. Both debates resolved themselves into little more than a series of constituency speeches, every Member pleading that the list should be kept as small as possible but that his constituency should be on it. "Damn you, Jack, I'm all wrong." It was perhaps not very gallant of Mr. MacColl to compare his fellow Members to a set of "Oriental concubines" ogling for the favours of the President of the Board of Trade—not very gallant to the fellow Members and still less to Mr. Maudling. Mrs. Castle, her hair looking even redder than

usual, pleaded passionately for Blackburn. Mr. Coulson made an attractive maiden speech from Hull, and Mr. Houghton, graciously congratulating him from the other side of the House, announced that he proposed to make exactly the same speech himself. He did so, but needless to say at the end of the day, in spite of all that, Mr. Houghton and Mr. Coulson went off into opposite division lobbies.

Still, justice where justice is due. It was not all quite as bad as that. The back-benchers did at least do one thing which made the front benches think and which may even possibly lead to some results. The ancient tradition was that the House of Commons demanded first a remedy of grievances before proceeding to grant the Crown its money of supply. In these more streamlined and progressive days it is customary to grant the Crown its supply money merely on the nod and as a formality and then to go on to debate some quite extraneous matter of the Opposition's choosing. The sum on Tuesday was the mere chicken-food of £1,300,000,000, and it was the general expectation that according to custom the House would not delay more than a few seconds over granting it. Lord Hinchinbrooke had other views. He rose to his majestic height and demanded that this racket should stop. Then Mr. Thorneycroft rose and supported him, and after Mr. Thorneycroft such

unusual allies as Mr. Silverman, Mr. Legge-Bourke and—need we say it?—last but very far from least, Mr. Nabarro. Both Mr. Butler and Mr. Gaitskell were quite unaffectedly taken by surprise at the discovery that there were at least half a dozen Members of Parliament who took the House of Commons seriously and were confessedly at their wits' end what to do about it—except of course to consult one another through the usual channels. It was a moving little moment and one wonders whether anything is likely to come of it.

Then there is the House of Lords. It is only fair to confess that life peers are making a difference. Lord Stonham raised a debate about the Government assistance to Colville's.

**The
House of No
Constituents**

The subject is intricate. The arguments are balanced, but there is no getting over the fact that capitalists seem singularly willing to extract arguments out of either balance according to which happens to suit their immediate convenience. When they do not want to be interfered with they are ready with their rhetoric about the virtues of competition and rugged individualism, but that does not mean that they are not willing enough to take their share of a Government hand-out of money when such a hand-out is going on, and Lord Dundee's argument that the steel industry must be supported by Government money since private investors will not invest in it through fear of a future nationalization is an argument which on quiet meditation leads easily to several somewhat Gilbertian conclusions. Lord Mills produced some quite good arguments in favour of Government support for particular industries of national importance in exceptional circumstances, yet one could not but feel that they were very much the same arguments that ten years ago a Socialist Government used in favour of nationalization and which the Conservatives then denounced. Equally, when Lord Stonham argues that where there is Government money being spent there should be some clear responsibility for the expenditure of it, this is doubtless sound but not convincing as an argument for nationalization as it has been practised since the war. The controversy is all in a state of fascinating confusion. Perhaps the most sensible plan would be for the Conservative party to make to the Socialists a take-over bid for Clause Four of their constitution, and then surely everybody would be happy.

— PERCY SOMERSET

FOR
WOMEN

Double-Letting in Sicily

WE were delighted to hear of the luxury flat in the best part of Palermo. Our landlady-to-be offered us two bedrooms, a bathroom and the use of the kitchen for the sum of 20,000 lire (about £12) a month. She told us an elderly lady and her son were in these two rooms at present but were leaving, and we would find the other people in the flat congenial: an Austrian girl, an English girl and herself. She mentioned something about sending two months' rent in advance but this we ignored. She ended by welcoming us to "hot Sicily." After six shivering weeks in Florence we quickly packed our bags and congratulated ourselves on the warm and comfortable life we had secured for ourselves while England was in the grinding grip of January.

We arrived at Palermo at eight-thirty in the morning. The sun was high, very bright and warm. We took a taxi to our address and walked into an enormous marble-floored entrance hall. Ah, here is affluence, we thought. The gaily painted, embossed tiles of mermaids and seascapes and the presence of smart young porters heightened even further our expectations. We knew we were on to something good.

Our landlady, a young woman of about twenty-eight, greeted us very warmly and with no apology told us that our rooms were not ready yet. We nodded our heads and said we understood. After all, these things do happen. We imagined perhaps the rooms were still being cleaned. But no. She led us into a smallish room which she told us belonged to the English girl she had mentioned in her letter. Jane, she told

us, was ill at home in England. I asked how long it would be before we had our rooms. "Two or three days," was the reassuring reply.

In the kitchen we frequently met another Italian woman. She was elderly and morose. We laughingly suggested to each other that perhaps she was the elderly lady whose rooms we were supposed to have. She is. "She is immovable," whispered our landlady confidentially.

During the first week we came to know a little more about our landlady, La Dattoressa. She is an attractive Sicilian, casual in manner and impatient with our stumbling Italian. We are told she comes from the country and is the first in her family to live in a city.

A fortnight has gone and we are still in Jane's room and something has happened to the Sicilian sun. We have a magnificent view of snow-capped mountains. Apparently snow on these particular mountains is rare, and the sleet, blizzards and gales we are having are quite phenomenal. This must account for there being no heating or hot water in this lovely block of flats.

Returning one day last week at lunch time we found in the kitchen four women dressed in black with lacy head-shawls. They were humped in a black mound over two enormous pots of boiling *pasta*. We ventured into their midst with our pork chops. The women sat down in a silent huddle. As we moved so their heads turned slowly. Watching. Watching. How nice, we thought, the emancipated Dattoressa is entertaining her family for lunch. They were later joined by two men, also in

black. They ate the meal in the bedroom which belongs to the Austrian girl who is away on holiday. And they slept in that room. And they are still here.

Three days ago we heard that Jane, the English girl, was better. La Dattoressa rushed into our room. We were still in bed. "She comes. She comes on Saturday," she shouted. I shrugged my shoulders and looked hard in the direction of the Immoveable One's room. La Dattoressa hammered on the door. The Immoveable One had in her hands, even at that early hour, two packets of spaghetti which she held in such a way that I knew it was the wrong moment. The words were strong and quite unintelligible to us. Only intuition tells us that no move will come of that conversation.

An odd thing happened that night. We were lying reading in bed when suddenly there was a brilliant flash of light in the room and a great explosive woomph. I leapt from my bed and rushed through the smoke to the electric plug which, although it works, hangs an inch and a half from the wall. But no. It was a firework thrown through the window. Is this the way one gets rid of one's unwanted tenants, we wondered.

To-day Jane is coming. The Austrian girl to-morrow. The Immoveable One and her son are here. Six peasants are here. La Dattoressa is here. We are here. All of us in this luxurious four-bedroomed flat. All we can do is what all Italians do. Wait and see. *Pazienza. Pazienza.* — ANTHEA BICKERTON

March

I FEEL a little fey to-day,
The spring is coming on;
I broke a string of beads to-day
And watched them roll, like tears, away
Nor cared where they had gone.

The buds are stiff as starch to-day,
Green over brown unfurls,
The wind is full of larch to-day,
The mind is full of March to-day,
The Hoover's full of pearls.

— J. E. M. GRIFFIN

Lenten Slide

WHILE offering up such things as sugared almonds, chocolate éclairs and new L.P.s I made but little spiritual progress. It was worse than trying to keep a diary or remembering to slap my incipient double chin two dozen times each night and morning.

But there came a year when I spotted my weakness; the sacrifices were too insignificant. This was the year of my first great triumph when I gave up Spring-cleaning. Everybody knows how much a housewife lives for this. It is the high-spot of her year. When a young man's fancy turns to gaudy ties and heady after-shave, hers turns to duster-swathed brush-heads and bristly loops on incredible lengths of cane. But that year I let the cobwebs hang, not only right through Lent but long past Christmas to the start of Lent again, when I found the experiment well worth repeating.

That second enlightened year I added Mending, another dearly-cherished occupation. Lent passed without so much as a threaded darning-needle. Garments in disrepair were thrown away and new ones purchased with the egg-money, and I really can't see any greater sacrifice than that.

Unless it's Polishing (which I swore on Pancake Tuesday, 1957). What woman's heart has never glowed with her linoleum after six hours on her knees in a draughty hall? What mother's pride has never shone like the top of her gate-legged table after two years of her life have dripped away in elbow-grease? The sin of pride thus conquered, I felt stronger and more full of sweetness and light than I had done for years.

In 1958 I sent my cookery-books, waffle-iron, icing-nozzles, stock-pot and snap-closures to a W.I. Jumble Sale and bought a bigger frying-pan.

In 1959 I sent my children off to a boarding-school in John o' Groats. And this year I intend to make the supreme gesture of giving up my husband all through Lent by going off without him on a Mediterranean cruise. That way I shall feel sufficiently shriven to spend the rest of the year with my feet up on the piano-stool, munching sugared almonds and chocolate éclairs and drinking in the latest L.P.s.

— HAZEL TOWNSON

Party Piece

YOUR Excellency, as we stand talking, we two,
at this fabulously U,
incredibly smart
party (you are wearing a beautiful star over your heart
and I am in sapphires with a soupçon of mink)
I think
you may be a little surprised to know
that though
my eye seems to be roving hither and yon,
down to the splendid Aubusson
and up to the chandeliers;
yes, though it appears
to be noting the Louis Seize
chaises
and the cluster of Poussins and the Ming,
it is doing no such thing.
For obstructing the view, hanging suspended
in the fifth position, up-ended,
are my bedroom slippers, and above,
floating like a resilient rubber dove
is my hot-water bottle. Oh! I can see by your eyes,
Your Excellency, that this is not a surprise!
But then, I forgot
that you too have *pantoufles* and a *bouillotte*.

— VIRGINIA GRAHAM



"Will the boycott extend to diamonds?"



BOOKING OFFICE

The Eden Story

Full Circle. Sir Anthony Eden. Cassell, 35/-

IT is inevitable that this book should be judged by its chapters on Suez. In a way that is unfortunate for Sir Anthony. For there is no one, whatever his politics, who has not sympathy with his personal sufferings, and there are few, however they may judge the balance of particular arguments, who will not concede that there have been plenty of occasions in the past where Sir Anthony has served his country wisely and well. Yet the question that every reader must ask is, does he make a case for Suez?

Suez ended in failure. We said that we could never allow the Canal to be controlled by one man. Suez left that Canal in the control of one man and that man stronger than he had been

before. It is doubtless true that Colonel Nasser broke a Treaty, that Mr. Dulles vacillated, that Marshal Bulganin was brutal, that the Afro-Asian countries were determined to turn the workings of the United Nations against us, that our financial condition was such that without American support we could not sustain a long war and our military condition such that we could not win a short one. But these foreknown difficulties were either so formidable that they should have deterred us from attempting the enterprise or they were not so formidable that they could not have been overcome. They cannot be valid as excuses for making the attempt and leaving it unaccomplished. Nor indeed even in retrospect does Sir Anthony seem at all clear what attitude should have been taken towards the United Nations, whose constitution we had accepted and against which no breath of criticism had been heard from Sir

Anthony's Government at the preceding General Election. On page 445 Sir Anthony pours scorn on those who argued that we should only use force under the sanction of the United Nations. On page 456 he says "As signatories to the Charter we had undertaken not to resort to military action without first going to the United Nations. We were pledged and we intended to keep our word." On page 484 he writes "Sir Lionel Heald ... maintained that force could not be used unless we first went to the United Nations. I was asked to say that the Government endorsed this. I could not do so." More surprising still is it to read "We did not believe in Russian military intervention." One rubs one's eyes. I have heard Ministers of Sir Anthony's Government both on the floor of the House and in private defend the Government's action on the ground that it forestalled a Russian military intervention. The argument was at the time the stock in trade of every Conservative meeting in the country and there was never any Ministerial correction of those who used it.

The style is undistinguished. Beside Sir Anthony, Lord Attlee seems like a writer of colourful prose. More disturbing is the running carelessness about details. He pretends to have hoped after Geneva that M. Mendès France would have carried E.D.C. through the French Assembly. His memory must singularly have failed him if he imagines that M. Mendès France ever showed any intention of doing any such thing. He makes the extraordinary statement that "I never heard one mention of the problem of gold and dollar reserves" before the war. He thinks that there was only a small Indian minority in Fiji when he visited it in 1923. The Indians were then almost half the population. He told President Eisenhower in a message at the height of the Cyprus troubles that "the Turkish Cypriots number a quarter of a million or more"—which would of course have made them far more numerous than the Greek Cypriots. They number about eighty thousand. These inaccuracies of

THESE LOOKS SPEAK VOLUMES

A Panorama of Publishers



24. SIR ALLEN LANE

ENTERED publishing in 1919 as apprentice to his uncle John Lane, of the Bodley Head. Convinced that universal education had created a hitherto neglected world of potential book-buyers, he published in 1935 the first ten Penguin books, and thus opened the flood-gates to the paper-back that is so familiar a feature of to-day's world. In the following year he founded the firm of Penguin Books Ltd., which has since issued over 240 million Penguins, Pelicans, and Puffins, their authors ranging from Homer and Æschylus to Françoise Sagan and John Braine. His main non-publishing interests are travel and his Berkshire farm.

recollection are not perhaps very important in themselves, but they inevitably mean that when, as has already happened over Indo-China and as is certain to happen over Suez, President Eisenhower challenges Sir Anthony's record of facts that can in the nature of things only be known to the two men, one cannot feel any confidence that it is not Sir Anthony's recollection that is at fault.

— CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

NEW NOVELS

The Stuff of Youth. François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15/-

The Gadarene Club. Martin Walser. Translated by Eva Figes. Longmans, 16/-

Shade of Eden. Kathleen Sully. Peter Davies, 13/6

The Warm Nights of January. Frank Tuohy. Macmillan, 15/-

I STILL don't know how M. Mauriac does it. Nearly all his novels are very short yet he seems to have endless space inside them. In a leisurely and thorough perambulation he sets both characters and place in relation to God and the Church and Society. There is time for the secondary incident and for the musing reflection. There is never a slack sentence and the storyteller's grip never falters. *The Stuff of Youth* is a belated translation of his second novel and switches the oddly arranged collected English edition back to 1914, before he became obsessed with the sins of the virtuous. A boy grows up in a family of pious women. He falls into calf-love with his cousin, drifts through a friendship, loses and gains as he progresses from innocence to maturity. The upper middle-class of Bordeaux and the rackets delights of Paris are described vividly and judged unwaveringly. So are the various types of ecclesiastic and of religious activity. By the end you do not feel how little has happened but how much. Opinions differ about whether Mauriac is the greatest of living novelists, but he is certainly one of the most completely professional.

The Gadarene Club won the Hermann-Hesse Prize in 1957 and so, I suppose, it has something for the German reader. It struck me as lacking freshness and distinction and even ability to retain the attention. I seem to remember exposés of the hollowness in society that came out after World War I and employed the same device of following the lives of different inhabitants of a town in turn. Everybody is very corrupt and there are respectable professional men who have liaisons—not described in as much detail as they used to be in the good old days—and solitary students in seedy bedrooms and parties at which local tycoons bring pressure to bear on newspaper editors and radio executives. The writing is

wordy, coy and slow, slow, desperately slow. I wonder what the Hermann-Hesse Prize can be awarded for?

Shade of Eden is not vintage Sully. She has usually gained her effects by the juxtaposition of the primitive eye and the novelette. Now the primitive eye seems to have lost some of its candour and the novelette lacks strangeness. Two marriages split and one temporarily reknits in a *ménage-à-trois*, apparently the Eden of the title. There are still the abrupt, childlike transpositions. Acts occur without that fuzz of foreboding and depth-investigation and introspective subtlety with which most novelists surround them. But, as we now expect more from a painting of a street scene than the match-stick men who thrilled our fathers, so an infantile clarity in fiction is not enough. Miss Sully used to be exciting because she was so utterly unlike any other novelist. This novel made me fear she might become like novelists I see on the newstands but don't normally read.

The Warm Nights of January has been eagerly awaited after the success of *The Animal Game* and some reviewers, claiming to be inoculated against the tradition of always slating a second novel, have praised it vigorously. It seemed to me pretty thin. Liaisons and parties and kept men and ageing women are no more intrinsically interesting because they are in Rio than they are in London or Paris or New York. It is perfectly true that when Mr. Tuohy is describing what is peculiar to Brazil, whether things seen or behaviour observed, and particularly when he is talking about the tensions and attractions between a negro and a Parisienne, he becomes more interesting, though mainly because his material is unusual. But for most of the time I felt I had met it all before, better done. One always suspects that a second novel was written before the first novel and exhumed on the first novel's success and I am prepared to look forward to Mr. Tuohy's third novel with unabated appetite.

R. G. G. PRICE

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts. C. V. Wedgwood. Cambridge University Press, 25/-

These are Miss Wedgwood's Clark lectures of 1958. She takes one at an easy, steady trot through the welter of satire, flattery, war poems and street ballads that washed around the political scene from the high hopes that greeted the accession of James I to the ignominious dismissal of his great-grandson. She does not go in for depth-criticism but uses an army of odd but well-chosen quotations to chart the changing feel of the times. The disappointment of the returning royalists comes out with agonizing clarity. Miss Wedgwood also ingeniously compares the different types



of court flattery under Charles I and II to show how the real belief of the early royalists in the divine right of kings dwindled into pretty kowtowing during the Civil Wars. And she makes out a good, if unfashionable, case for the literary merits of first-rate flattery regardless of its object. Her comments on her exhibits are often entertaining but never, even on the aptly-named Flatman, supercilious.

— P. D.

Samuel Pepys in the Diary. Percival Hunt. Oxford, 18/-

Few of us know Pepys's Diary so well in its entirety as not to welcome an intelligent drawing-together of its main threads. In this short book, using a great many quotations, Mr. Hunt gathers part of what Pepys has to tell us under such headings as Prices, The Plague, The Great Fire, and so on. Some of the chapters, particularly that on Sir William Davenant and the Siege of Rhodes, seem rather dragged in, and Mr. Hunt's worship of Pepys leads him into pedantic excuses for the Diary's more improper passages, when it would have been quicker and probably more accurate to admit that he suffered, very humanly, from a dirty mind.

But still, we are in Mr. Hunt's debt for sharpening our picture of Pepys's character and of the way he lived. He makes us glad again for Pepys's bottomless curiosity, and again regret that so inspired a record should have covered only ten years.

— E. O. D. K.

Turkey. Introduced by Lord Kinross. Photographed by Yan. Descriptive commentaries and notes by Robert Mantran. Thames and Hudson, 70/-

The superb quality of the photographs in this book makes it possible to forget the suspicion that the notes were written with official sanction and an eye to the tourist business. Assisted by a blandly affectionate introduction from Lord Kinross, M. Mantran skates round the trickier aspects of Turkish history without disaster, though he totters

slightly when he has to explain that the position of Turkish women may not be so much improved in the remote country as it is in the towns. There is indeed a photograph to prove that some secondary school girls even wear the same caps as the boys. M. Mantran and Yan, the photographer, are both happiest when they are dealing with Graeco-Roman antiquities, when some of the illustrations bridge the gap between the abstract and the representational. On the other hand it is easy to believe M. Mantran when he writes that modernized streets in Istanbul "do little to reconcile one to present-day enterprises."

— V. P.

The Dandy. Ellen Moers. *Secker and Warburg*, 36/-

"A dandy," wrote Carlyle, succinctly, "is a Clothes-wearing Man." We can hear the audible sniff of disapproval. And yet, in their way, the dandies were heroes and received their hero-worship, and we cannot refrain ourselves from admiring the dandy of dandies, who gave lessons in dress to the Prince of Wales, taught manners to the *ton*, and proved so hypersensitive that he caught a cold when he talked to "a damp stranger." (He also required a silver basin among his toilet articles, for "it was impossible to spit in clay.") Dandies like Brummell, Bulwer and Disraeli left their exquisite mark not only on society but on the literature of their times; and it is entertaining to follow their rise and fall. Mrs. Moers has followed them from

start to finish, in England and in France, in fact and fiction; and if her book hardly sparkles with a Regency lustre, it shows at least a becoming fastidiousness.

— J. R.

AT THE PLAY

Henry V (MERMAID)
Watch It, Sailor! (ALDWYCH)

YOU must not expect to see *Henry V* at the Mermaid, but a piece of total theatre that makes its comment on war with the help of every possible device, cinema shots, canned bullet-noises, field-guns whose blast can be felt in the third row, and so on. In this adaptation in modern dress by Bernard Miles and Julius Gellner, the producer, the poetry inevitably suffers; when it has not been savagely cut—the report of Falstaff's death, the Dauphin's horse and Burgundy's speech about France left bleeding are among those thrown overboard in Puddle Dock—it sometimes has such a rough passage in competition with the sound effects that it can scarcely be heard. Edgar Wreford's Chorus, though one of the best-spoken performances, is often in difficulties with noise, apart from having much of his work duplicated in cinema commentary. But the experiment is by no means a waste of time; it pays handsome dividends, the chief being an extraordinarily vivid impression of the realities of war.

The production opens with Henry and his friends returning in cricket

flannels from the nets, to be doubly insulted by the Dauphin's present; the next moment they are in khaki, and pressing on for France. One's sense of being in the middle of a universal battle is stimulated by shots of troops going over the top in the first war and others of Eighth Army men in shorts; the noise is appalling, though occasionally its sudden hushing is very effective, as when David Dodimead as Exeter, speaking the verse beautifully in the rare luxury of silence, gives Henry the score of noble death.

The revolving stage is set with a sloping ramp in front of a sandbagged dug-out; the cinema screen comes down

REP. SELECTION

Playhouse, Liverpool, *You'll Never Get Off the Island*, until March 19th.

Queen's, Hornchurch, *Dinner With the Family*, until March 12th.

Theatre Royal, York, *Wuthering Heights*, until March 6th.

Belgrade, Coventry, *Never Had It So Good*, until March 6th.



Pistol—AUBREY WOODS

Henry V—WILLIAM PEACOCK

when wanted, and there are small movable stages on either side. The breach speech goes for very little, Henry having had most of the breath knocked out of him in charges across the stage; his tour of the men's quarters comes off better, under what must have been a very bright moon. From the first William Peacock establishes Henry's authority, with attractive modesty. He is a dark, serious, poised young man who looks a likely leader; in his wooing of Katharine, which takes place during a ball, he might be the romantic hero of a musical. Individual parts tend to suffer, either from cutting or the general pressure of tricks; one of these is Fluellyn, made palpably Welsh by Harry Gwyn-Davies but somewhat muted. Aubrey Woods' Pistol contrives to stand out, with an R.A.F. moustache, and Suzanne Fuller's Katharine is charming.

This production will infuriate many, while others will find it exciting. At least it would be hard to be untouched by it. Brecht would have approved of it, Jean-Louis Barrault would love it. Whatever else it does, it makes the troops' behaviour timeless and natural.

One had every right to assume, at the end of *Sailor Beware!* five years ago, that Shirley and Albert would get to the altar with no further nonsense from Shirley's impossible mother. It is therefore something of a shock in *Watch It, Sailor!* to find the situation quite unchanged. This new play is a direct sequel by the same authors, Philip King and Falkland Cary; and since they do not even now allow Shirley and Albert to be married it is pretty clear that we are in for an extended chain of nuptial

frustrations. On the evidence of *Watch It, Sailor!* this is not a prospect to which I look forward.

The new piece shows a sharp decline into pierhead farce. Turning back to see why I liked its forerunner so much, I find I wrote: "What distinguishes *Sailor Beware!* from the tea-and-winkles school of popular comedy it so nearly resembles is that it is written with genuine sympathy—so that in the end we feel sorry for the crumbling bully—and works an energetic plot into its convincing documentary of the terrors of a humble wedding shadowed by a tyrant." That point, of sympathy, was an important distinction, and in the new play it has almost disappeared. One reason is the replacement of Peggy Mount by Kathleen Harrison. Miss Mount, who made her name overnight with her dreadful Mrs. Hornett, is large and solid and filled with gargantuan energy; she dominates so easily that it was rather terrible to see her worsted. Whereas Miss Harrison, being much smaller and more delicate, has to work so hard to establish herself as a domestic termagant that she never lets up in waspishness for a moment, with the result that we long for disaster to overtake her Mrs. Hornett. For me the spectacle of a bad-tempered woman being as unrelievedly beastly as possible palls; it was clear from the hearty laughter on the first night that for others it didn't.

And in spite of my reservations there are some happy moments, mostly connected with Esma Cannon's little down-trodden nerve-shattered aunt, a small gem of a performance, and with Cyril Smith, who survives from the first play as the hen-pecked husband of the shrew. This time Josephine Massey and Ian Curry play the thwarted couple, very pleasantly, and Fraser Kerr gets laughs as the Scottish best man.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Saint Joan (Old Vic—17/2/60), Barbara Jefford good in stirring production. *One Way Pendulum* (Criterion—20/1/60), funny surrealism. *Look Who's Here!* (Fortune—27/1/60), witty intimate revue. —ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Story on Page One
Conspiracy of Hearts

BOTH these films are as they are because of commercial calculation, but of the two I prefer *The Story on Page One* (Director: Clifford Odets), because it doesn't pretend to be noble

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Cinema." Gaumont Cinema, Leicester. March 3-22.
"Punch with Wings." Exhibition Hall, Queens Buildings, London Airport Central.

SHERIFF.



[The Story on Page One]

Lieutenant Mike Morris—ALFRED RYDER

and uplifting as well. I suggest that it is the first of what will probably be a number of imitations of *Anatomy of a Murder*. (And by the way, speaking of that, I've heard upsetting stories from the suburbs. As shown in London, and as recommended, it was a film lasting two hours and forty minutes. If your local showed a shorter version, for goodness' sake complain: the exhibitor didn't show the film he advertised, and got money on false pretences.)

Most of this one, too, is a trial scene, preceded by interviews with witnesses and defendants and flashbacks of what led up to a murder. It is quite gripping and has a good many very effective scenes; nobody could fail to be entertained by it. But it is—as compared with the earlier film—noticeably more emphasized, more obvious. (This is what so often happens after a widely acclaimed film: someone says "Let's do it again, but with an even stronger dose," in the fallacious belief that a stronger dose will make still more people like it.) Most of the characters are much nearer conventional types, the situations—including that culminating in the murder itself—are simpler and more familiar; and from the first, our sympathy is with the defendants because we have seen, in a flashback of the story told by one of them, what actually happened. It is an accepted convention, very rarely ignored except in fantastic comedy, that flashbacks cannot lie.

A woman (Rita Hayworth) and her lover (Gig Young) are on trial for murdering her husband, whom this

flashback has shown us to have been a thoroughly unpleasant character who asked for it and was killed by accident. So the suspense is a simple question of whether the young unknown lawyer (Anthony Franciosa), who is at first quite sceptical about her innocence himself, can defeat the formidable D.A. (Sanford Meisner) and all the resources of the State. These figures are all competently played, but any real character interest is in the small parts—a special word for Katherine Squire as the girl's mother. Though it's effective enough, as I say, it amounts to *Anatomy of a Murder* in poster colours.

I'm gloomily aware that it is absolutely impossible to make people who like *Conspiracy of Hearts* (Director: Ralph Thomas) understand what I object to about it. If I sum it up as a competently-made commercial tear-jerker most of them will be outraged; but that is my honest opinion. I think somebody in the background thought something like this: "Children are always a safe bet; and nuns—people love to watch nuns; combine the two, that'll be tremendous; of course there'll be great approval from the Catholics, but suppose we contrive to please the Jews as well, and have scenes showing each being astonished and puzzled by the other's religious ceremonies, to interest all the people who don't know much about either—boy! We'll pack in everybody, and we might get a religious-tolerance Oscar as well!"

You have read about the theme: nuns of a convent in Italy in 1943 risk their



Who Goes Home?

lives to help war-orphaned children to escape from a Nazi transit camp. There is the germ of a fine film in that, but as worked out here it is all too neat, too pat, too comfortably prettified—in a word, too commercial. The nuns are all beauties, including the Mother Superior, except for the necessary character types (the plump amusing one who drives the truck, the hard disapproving one who purses her lips, and so on); the children are all charmers, except for the girl who stares and won't speak—and you can guess whose heart *she* softens; a love interest is adumbrated between a radiant novice and a personable Italian major; the climax has the Mother Superior and two nuns facing a firing-squad—of Italians, to ensure a happy ending . . . There is no genuine, convincing individual character in the piece at all; the people, or types, have just been fitted in to a story that is a skilful mosaic of incidents calculated to appeal to as many different kinds of filmgoer as possible, and as many of them as possible.

Well . . . I've often been very deeply moved by films, but I watched this with utter detachment. That's the truth.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There's a very amusing new one, *The Battle of the Sexes*; review next week. Otherwise the London films to mention are few: *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (20/1/60), the same director's *Night and Fog* ("Survey," 24/2/60), *The Fall* (10/2/60) which is showing with *Serengeti Shall Not Die* ("Survey," 10/2/60), and the worthy but in my view pedestrian *Sink the Bismarck!* (24/2/60).

The only release I can recommend is a good spectacular colour Western, *The Jayhawkers* ("Survey," 27/1/60). Remember the earlier ones, *Odds Against Tomorrow* (6/1/60), *Operation Petticoat* (10/2/60) and *Two-Way Stretch* (24/2/60).

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Politically Speaking

THE air waves fairly hum with political activity these days. When it comes to immediacy and impact, television—and to a lesser degree radio—has many an opportunity to beat the press hands down. What with airport interviews (usually banal, but with at least an *appearance* of importance), off-the-cuff interrogations of strike-leaders or Cabinet Ministers, subtle probings into characters and policies in the John Freeman manner, news films of history in the making, suave interpretation of events a matter of hours after they occur, and the controlled skirmishings of Members of Parliament in various question-and-answer programmes, the morning paper certainly has a lot to compete with. "Who Goes Home?" (BBC), in which two opposing Members face questions from a representative selection of about two hundred ladies and gentlemen from their own particular constituencies, has always seemed a good idea to me, because apart from keeping matters of great moment alive in the minds of viewers (how many men in the street would have cared a rap about Suez if it had happened fifty years ago?), it provides instruction, stimulates ideas, and often forms an acceptable piece of live entertainment into the bargain. The present chairman, Robert Carvel, handles the affair beautifully. He is friendly towards the audience, but he stands no nonsense in the way of undue heckling. There is never a hint of disorder. Mr. Carvel is also capable of putting supplementary questions himself, if he thinks there has been any evasion or possible misunderstanding; and the last time I saw him he got the biggest laugh of the session with a casually thrown-in remark. The behaviour and tactics of the M.P.s holds wonderful variety, and they are usually fascinating to see and hear. Government Members tend on the

whole to be cautious, and very responsible; Opposition Members are naturally able to let themselves go, clambering on to their various hobby-horses at the slightest chance and galloping through the question-paper with a merry clatter. All the same, these hard-working chaps of all parties, with the nation's future in their hands and its suspicious gaze upon them, generally manage to give the impression that they know what's going on, even if they can't agree as to what to do about it.

"Questions in the House" (A-R), a new fortnightly feature, was launched very satisfactorily, with Kenneth Harris examining traffic delays and the sinister-looking phoenix that is the Krupps' empire. The approach is novel and arresting, and calls for considerable dash and alertness on the part of the producer; he must seize on topics both lively and urgent, and find pictures to illustrate them in what must be a bit of a hurry. Here we have another example of television's chance not only to poach on the newspapers' preserves but also to carry the torch that was dropped by *Picture Post*.

This torch is being valiantly held by ATV in their reports from Africa. "Rhodesia and Nyasaland To-day," for instance, was a splendid piece of popular pictorial reporting, produced and with commentary by Gordon Bradley. Mr. Bradley was given half an hour, which is a very long time for a non-entertainment programme on Channel 9, and he made excellent use of it, setting forth the problems, the past, and what we can see of the future of the Federation in simplified terms, and illustrating his comments with well-chosen—often very beautiful—pictures. (Camera direction was by Warwick Ashton.) Mr. Bradley also borrowed that technique which is often used so movingly or amusingly in "Monitor" films—establishing a character by letting us see him at work, putting on the sound-track an edited version of his views and opinions recorded on tape at another time, and then moving away from him to let the camera make its own comments, while the voice continues. This can be very effective indeed, whereas many a straightforward interview, unless ruthlessly chopped about or filmed by an Eisenstein, bores.

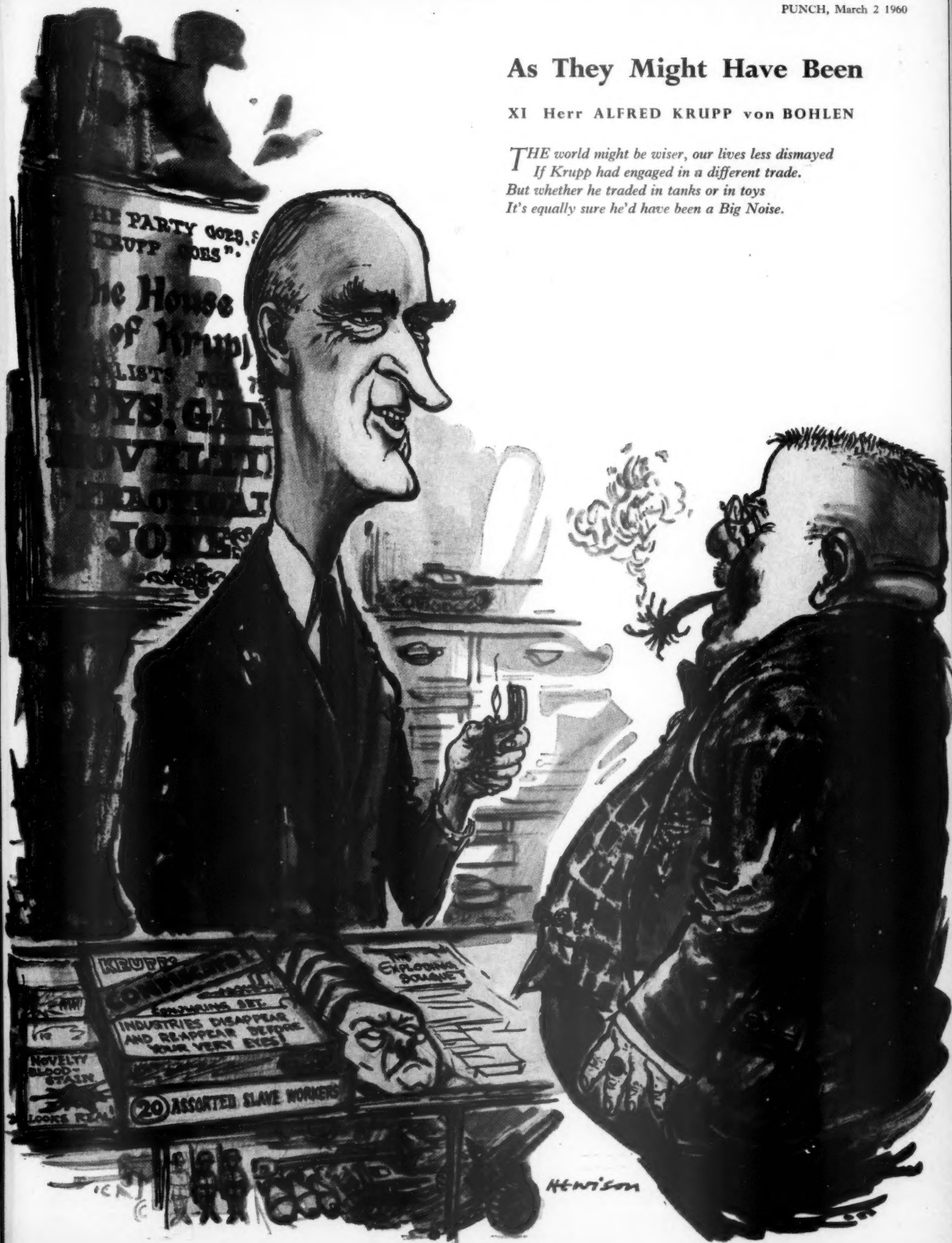
I cannot share in the widespread rejoicings about "SMS" (Somerset Maugham Stories) (A-R). *The Happy Couple* had for me only the faintest hint of Mr. Maugham's special quality, which I regard as being at once bland and astringent and a teeny bit sentimental. The chief trouble was not that something was missing but that there was too much there. You have to be careful about short stories: so often, when extended or developed by another hand, they grow into great, big, unmanageable bubbles, and burst.

— HENRY TURTON

As They Might Have Been

XI Herr ALFRED KRUPP von BOHLEN

*THE world might be wiser, our lives less dismayed
If Krupp had engaged in a different trade.
But whether he traded in tanks or in toys
It's equally sure he'd have been a Big Noise.*



Draft for a Packet-Maker

By ERIC WALMSLEY

AS the only living Siamese cat-owner who has not yet written his pet's biography, I reckon that the sooner I realize that the December market is only ten months away the better.

Get started *now*, I say to myself, before J. B. Priestley wakes up to what's going on and cuts us all out. Let the publisher worry about the illustrator (but *n.b.*, Tanya too circular for portraiture from life—*ergo*, keep her and artist apart at all costs. ?Woodcuts).

All right, then . . .

1. Cat's characteristics: affectionate nature (hardly enough on its own, though, for more than two chapters even with examples); gross appetite; lack of conversation except at meal-times (? repetitive); dislike of literary activity (but is it really *funny* that she sits on my typewriter?); chronic constipation (? omit); reluctance to wash ears (I know all Siamese are like this, but no one's mentioned it yet, have they?); total inability to climb anything,

including trees and curtains; protruding teeth; avoidance of exertion except after her own meals and during ours; tendency to get claws caught in upholstery, nylon stockings, pullovers, etc. (? is all this *interesting*? Reread the seventeen pages describing that other cat's basic diet and note own reaction again); dislike of vet.; dislike of visitors; hatred of window-cleaner; loathing of other cats; dislike of cold/hot weather. (This section to be expanded later as things crop up. No need to cut too drastically. This isn't a *normal* market.)

2. Funny episodes: coal cellar and chimney and subsequent baths in U-Boil-O; illnesses when life despaired of (a chapter on each probably, but well spread out after the Brontë pattern); time she fell into the lavatory pan; that business with the rugs (come to think of it, there really was something rather clever in the way she made us buy *both* those fluffy rugs we had on approval by vomiting on each of them within five minutes of their arrival—good for

two thousand words with a bit of padding); occasion when she pricked her nose on a dead hedgehog (? isn't there anything *else*? Protests from cat-women sure to follow.) (Complete section later.)

3. Clever tricks: (but *n.b.*, omit begging as too shame-making in a cat); competence with private cat-door (omit incompetence with any other sort of door); accurate clock-reading at meal-times; piercing shrieks to demand attention; skill in biting through polythene bags containing food; the speed with which she got rid of that ailurophobe woman who had come to complain about the compost heap; imitation of a hot-water bottle. (? A bit thin.)

4. Favourite games: hide and seek; grandmother's footsteps; rugby football (good for a chapter anyway. Omit bad-losermanship).

5. General padding: give pedigree in detail (regret grandmother, and aunt who advertised cat pills); account for passion for motoring (well, think up something then); the way she *knows* (expand a bit here as somebody's Tibby is sure to be the same); conviction that we are cats; diet vagaries (grouse only in August, etc.); notes on earth-box.

6. Title: "Old Sloppyguts" probably too strong for cat-women; "Tanya" too dull. Try rhyming dictionary lark—i.e. puns on the -at ending: Cat and Ball; Tit-for-Cat; Cat to Catch a Mackerel; Mad Catter; Cat on the Back; This or Cat; Cat-Bite; Cat du Jour (?); Catty Degeneration (it's all right—they needn't be *good*).

7. Probable length: 150,000 words should about cover it.

8. Prose style: lively yet reverent.

9. Publisher: Michael Joseph or their chief rivals.

10. Likely sales: at least half a million.



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